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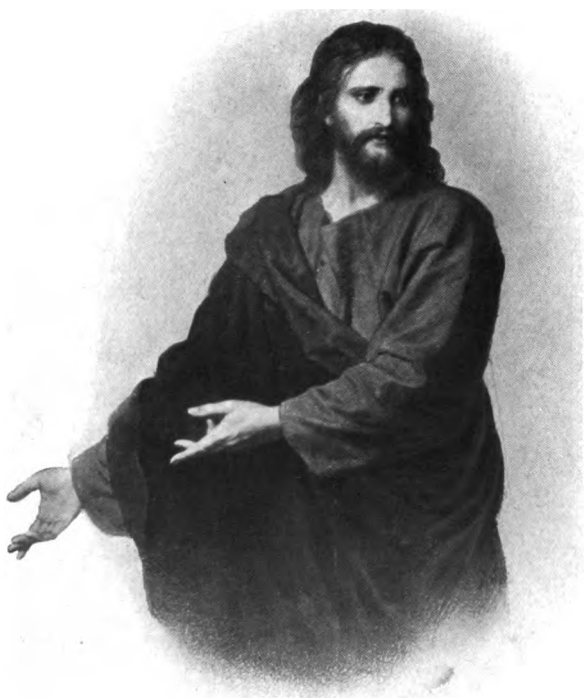
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Lamb of God • Jesus Christ

THE SACRIFICE

AMARITA B. CAMPBELL



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To
DAVID M. CAMPBELL
This work is inscribed

CONTENTS

<i>Mary, the Mother of Jesus.....</i>	9
<i>Bethlehem.....</i>	18
<i>The Nativity.....</i>	22
<i>The Refugee.....</i>	31
<i>The Temptation.....</i>	37
<i>The Twelve Selected.....</i>	50
<i>The Sermon Wonderful.....</i>	58
<i>Some of the Miracles, Parables and Admonitions of the Christ.....</i>	64
<i>The Transfiguration of Jesus.....</i>	74
<i>Cleansing of the Evil Woman.....</i>	78
<i>Jerusalem.....</i>	83
<i>The World's Most Remarkable Feast.....</i>	96
<i>The Betrayal.....</i>	103
<i>The Death of Jesus, the Christ.....</i>	111
<i>The Resurrection.....</i>	118
<i>The Sacrifice.....</i>	125

ILLUSTRATIONS

<i>Our Lord and Savior</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i> - <i>W</i>
<i>The Blessed Virgin</i>	10
<i>A Scene in the Manger</i>	26 <i>W</i>
<i>The Mother and Child</i>	30 <i>W</i>
<i>The Rest in Egypt</i>	36
<i>Nazareth, the Home of Jesus</i>	40 <i>W</i>
<i>The Lake of Galilee</i>	50
<i>Christ Healing the Sick</i>	66
<i>The Transfiguration</i>	76
<i>A Penitent Woman</i>	82
<i>Jerusalem</i>	92 <i>W</i>
<i>The Last Supper</i>	100 <i>W</i>
<i>A Cross and a Crown</i>	116

MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS

*Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and
his name shall be called Immanuel.*

I.

BENEATH soft oriental skies
There rests a village old and gray;
The plateau whereupon it stands
Exhibits much of time's decay.

Yet see we it as table spread
To serve the fifteen hoary hills
That sit about it with their feet
All deeply pressed in cooling rills.

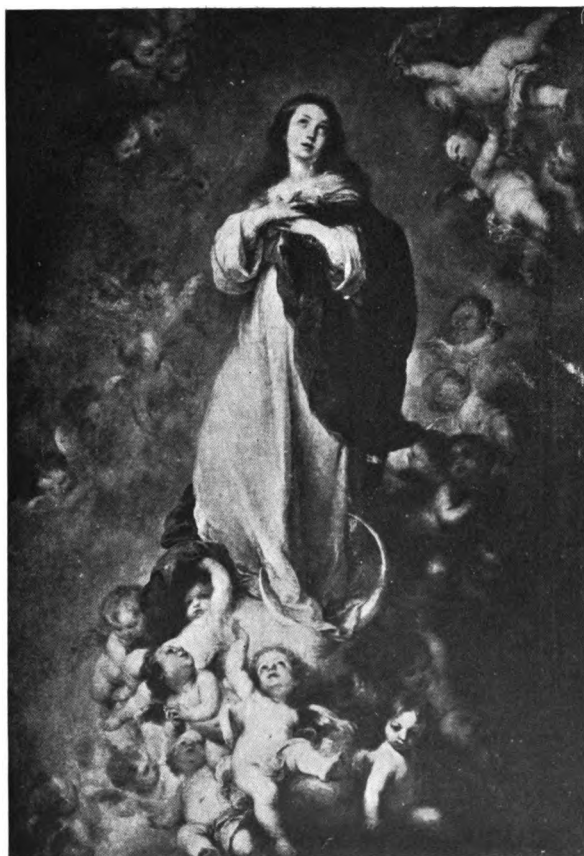
In days agoe that table bore
A wealth of nature's products rare
In golden grain, in fruit and flow'r;
But soon, ah, soon was ruin there
When gods withdrew their sanctioning:
And now is Nazareth abased!
Now doth her fields no longer bloom.—
And are her garden spots laid waste,
Till far and near the eye may see
But field untilled, but sky that frowns
Upon her hopeless misery!

'Twas in the dim evanished age,—
Before our era was begun—
There lived in Nazareth a maid,
Descended from king Solomon:
A child of kings, yet lowly was

The daily life of princess fair;
With sign of coronet on brow
And on her shoulders weighty care,
(—A fitting mother then was she
To Him who humbly, freely gave
Himself to calumny and shame,
The burdened human soul to save—)
For tender was her age when she
Was willing handmaid of her God:
Through years upon those temple floors
Her busy, youthful feet had trod
In patient, happy servitude;
Or there or in her humble cot
Sweet dignity had marked her life;—
Vain, worldly thoughts assailing not,
And none save kindly words and deeds
Filling her hours each passing day,—
Her mind and heart too occupied
To loiter with the thoughtless gay.

So Mary lived in quietude,
With nature and her spirit's Guide,—
An Angel's wisdom for her spread
In open scrolls on every side.

In every rock and tree and stream,
In every lily, every reed—
In ivy, rose and cyclamen,
In grass and grain she found some need
Of her true heart sustained and fed;
Trod she the earth and yet was led



The Blessed Virgin

The gross of earth to live above;—
The air was filled with whisperings
Which told her of her Father's love;
The sunshine was that Father's smile,
The stars His sympathizing eyes;
The song of birds his tender voice
Descended from the azure skies.

Now when the virgin reached the age
At which those maids were wont to wed,
A spouse was chosen by the priests;—
A righteous man of hoary head—
And with some friends did Mary go
To dwell within his humble cot,
Among those children born of wife
Then long deceased; yet time was not
When Mary should be wife indeed!

So passed the time serenely on
To meet their courtship's simple end;
And Mary, did she dwell upon
The coming of that hour when she
Would share a husband's joy and pain,
Or rose her daily thoughts and pray'rs
To a loftier, sweeter vein?

II

'Twas spring! and every bright-hued bird
With voice or shrill, or pure and sweet,
Was piping forth in Nazareth
The new-born beautiful to greet;
The tender little plants in beds
Were tucked up snugly 'neath the ground;
But like to restless man were they
Till open gates they all had found,
Then trooped they forth in myriads,
To lift on high each tiny head,
To stretch to utmost each small form
Till seemed last night's poor little bed
Undecorate, a narrow cell.

And mother Nature seeing them
Thus running wild, had thought it well
To glorify the world with gay
And lovely blossoms, rarely found,
Save in the joyous light of day;
So buds burst forth to leaf and bloom;—
The brown earth changed her gown to green,
While rain and sun both nourished till
The whole became a brilliant scene.

Aroused when saw they all these things,
The lark and bulbul, kite and dove,
In every tree top, every thorn
Forthwith began to make fond love;
To pair and build beneath the eaves

Or round about fair Nazareth.
The bee from winter sleep awaked,
To stretch his legs and take a breath
Of honeyed air, the while that he
Drew plans for hivings hundred-roomed;
The farmer sharpened well the plow,
And well the hornëd steed was groomed,
As joyously he set him forth
To cultivate the mellow field,
And in his mind huge graneries
Were planned to hold the wondrous yield.

And then did Mary-gentle maid—
About her duties joy to see
The plowman busy in the field,
The nesting bird, the hiving bee,
And all God's creatures everywhere
To him do homage willingly.

III

'Twas morn! and as the rising sun
Illumined hill and flow'ry dale,
An Angel, messenger of God
Said to the virgin: "Mary, hail!
Most blessed thou of all thy sex,
And blessed He whom thou shalt bear!"
Then bade he call the little Child
By name of Jesus, taking care
To speak of Him as Son of God;
And telling her how He should be
The King of Jæcob's ancient house,
E'er ruling it successfully.
Then answered Mary when she heard,
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!
Be it to me as in thy word!"

With gladness set she forth at once
From home and friends in Nazareth,
To seek among the far off hills
Her cousin, wise Elizabeth:
And though the road was brown and bare,
Her feet had scarcely left their tracks
Ere scented lilies blossomed there.
Nor desert sands nor hurricane,
Nor prowling beast, which lurked anear,
Nor burning sun, nor darkened night
Brought her of weariness or fear;
And no one crossed her lonely path—
No prying voice, no eager eyes,

**Had sought to question or disturb
That bride of Heaven in earthly guise!**

IV

When Mary reached Elizabeth
And told to her the mystery,
Not one with dark suspicion's tongue
Had questioned yet her purity:
And was that matron filled with joy
When maiden Mary sought her side
To make of her a confidant.

"And whence is this to me," she cried
"That my Lord's mother come to me?"
Blessed is she that hath believed!
To her fulfilled the prophecy
Of many ancient Jewish seers!"

'Blessed indeed, 'the maiden said,
'O, I will magnify the Lord,
For in His mercy He hath led
My feet in paths of righteousness;
Hath blest His servant Israel,—
The lowly raised, the high put down—
My soul rejoiceth! It is well.'

Beneath her faithful cousin's roof,
Amid surroundings fair and meet,
In mountain fastness did the maid
But wish a quiet, safe retreat;
Yet all the world was not so kind
As was the fair Elizabeth,
Since when the virgin's state was known

To evil minds in Nazareth,—
’Twas but a time they whispered it,
Then eagerly the ‘priests were sought,
And in their ears was poured such tale,
The gentle Mary soon was brought
Before them that she might be judged;
And yet so strong was her defense,
Not one who heard would dare condemn;—
Then shielded by her innocence
She passed remaining months away,
—Within her agèd guardian’s home,—
Until there came the Natal day.

O, sweetest flower of womanhood!
The rose without the thorn to vex;
The incense-breathing lotus bloom,—
The fairest lily of thy sex:
And so as it was prophesied,
Each separate nation, near and far,
Doth bless thee that thou gavest it
Emmanuel, The Morning Star!

BETHLEHEM

*And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not
the least among the princes of Juda; For out of thee
shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.*

AMONG Judean hills lies Bethlehem,—
Built anciently by sons of dark-hued Shem!
Fair, obscure village named "The House of
Bread."

Whence sprang the food by which man's soul is fed!
In those far times a busy, thriving place,
—The health resort of all the Jewish race—
So situated that the country lay
Outstretched a gorgeous picture to display.

Far eastward rose the purple Moab's breast,
And visible the sea unto the west;
While just at hand the rose-wreathed spring and pool
Refreshed the toiler with their waters cool;
There fig and olive and the stately palms
All flourished as when David wrote his Psalms.

The stranger marked how populous the land,
As to and fro the throngs on every hand
O'er-crowded field and path and avenue,
To gay bazaar from where the harvest grew,
Till as mere ants, which carry here and there,
Looked all the lines on distant thoroughfare;
And then the hills were freckled o'er with flocks,
As teemed the mountains with their native rocks;

While brilliant stars were far more thickly strewn
Across those skies than elsewhere, the noon
—With its unclouded wealth of eastern light—,
Was scarcely more illumined than the night.

There every thicket rustled loud with life.
Of beast and bird and insect locked in strife:
The fly dined on the gnat and as he flew
Away with sated maw, the spider threw
A web across his path and feasted too!
The hop-toad found the spider easy prey,
Yet oft himself the food for snake which lay
Unseen along the path; the fisher bird
Hung watchful o'er the pool for fin which stirred
The shining depths; and eye of eagle bold
Sought out the choicest lamb in near by fold,
While lion, lord of all, raged plain and slope,
Tracking in stealth the spotted antelope.

Now on the day I would recall to you
Fair Bethlehem with her enticing view.
The crisp north winds among her cedars blew,
And steadily was thronging therea-bout
A varied and an on-increasing rout,
As scattered children of the warrior king
Were meeting there the yearly tax to bring;—
There, such had been the mighty Ceasar's word,
Should all of David's line be registered.

And where the throngs assembled there would be
All sorts of barter, sale and trickery;

Hence round about the public lodging place,
Was seen the dress of many a foreign race:
With Cypriote there passed the learn'd Greek,
And Ind salaamed with Egypt to the sheik;
The brazen helmet and the coat of mail
Walked side by side with worshiper of Baal,
Unmindful *that* the time and *that* the place
To spring the Savior of the human race.

One man there was—a sturdy Nazarite—
Whose eyes grew anxious with the coming night;—
Not fearful for himself but troubled lest
His gentle ward should find no place of rest;
For they had toiled through vale, o'er mountain side
—Picking their way mid dust and stony slide—
On weary feet or on a donkey's back
From distant home with one small trav'ling pack;
And when they reached the welcome Bethl'em gate
They felt December's chill; the hour was late
And Joseph worried o'er the maiden's state:
So youthful she, perchance not yet fifteen,
With hazel eyes and hair of golden sheen;
Sweet eyes that looked afar to misty blue
As though they fain would pierce its curtain through,
To find beyond the turquoise that One face
Which left within her heart no vacant place.

Now did this twain—late in from Galilee—
Show by their dress, a life of poverty:
But village carpenter, this Joseph grew
Embarrassed by the throngs he wandered through,

Yet sought he steadily about the mean
And crowded town for comfortments terrene.

When sore and weary, did he find at last
A sheltered spot—despite the concourse vast—
Upon a cavern floor, in neighb'ring bluff,
—Where all surroundings were but rude and rough,—
Yet more than satisfied these two that they
Might safely rest where David's sheep once lay.

THE NATIVITY

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death upon them has the light shined.

WHERE rosy—fingered dawn caressed the land
With gentler touch than could a fairy's wand,
Where restful shades and softly cooling breeze
Are found at noontide neath great olive trees,
And where the sun—at day's evanishment—
O'er all that scene a blaze of glory sent,
Till nature's blandishments like cupid darts
Had swept and penetrated human hearts,
And made poetic spirits there to feel
Job's holy inspiration o'er them steal,—
'Tis there the Christian heart with none of doubt,
Is led to search a common manger out;
A lowly stall of ancient Bethlehem,
Wherein was found to them a precious Gem;
That Jewel cradled there, in barley straw,
Yet Gift which had not in it trace of flaw!

Now round that village on the neighb'ring wold
There dwelt the native herdsmen with his fold;
Ay, from Beersheba to the plains of Dan,
Was found unfurled the flag of mighty Pan,
To guard those sons of Juda, ever known
As sturdy as the trees with which they'd grown;
Their only roof the starry, azure sky
Which did the jeweled domes of kings outvie,

Their rugs the grass, with broidery of dew
Than which a sheik's were not desired in lieu;
Their strength, the wine of life without its lees,—
Their bed the twigs with coverlet of breeze!

The year I would impress upon your mind
Was not we learn the ordinary kind;
For tardy winter rains and shining dew,
Had fed the earth, until there sparsely grew
A luscious native grass, and all the plain
Was dotted with the browsing fold again.

It seemeth though, since many men kept guard
On many folds that spring, 'twere truly hard
So few were summoned there to hear and see
The sounds and sights of earth's sweet mystery.—
Perchance those shepherds though, were they who kept
The fold for sacrifice, and therefore slept
Upon that plain, beneath the midnight sky,
To ever be the smoking alter nigh.

Howe'er it be, one night, with all asleep,
Save he who did the shepherd's vigil keep—
There fell athwart that fair Judean sky
A light so brilliant, each poor, drowsy eye
Spring quickly wide, as to them did appear
A shining Angel form a-standing near;
He, noting they had wakened sore dismayed,
Said gently to them; 'Be ye not afraid;
The tidings of a joy I bring to all,—
A blessed message! for within a stall

Is born a Savior—Christ the Lord—and He
To you made known by swaddling clothes shall be!

Then multitudes of Angels joined the voice
Of that one herald, bidding them rejoice;
And singing as they sought the Throne again:
'Peace on the earth! good will to all of men!'

Those shepherds rubbed their eyes, and cast
their gaze
High overhead upon that star, whose rays
Shot swiftly 'cross the sky from out the east,
With dazzling brightness more and more increased,
Till flooded it their world—their little fold—
Turning its silver light to molten gold.

"O comrades let us go," one shepherd said,
To where the light of Glory hath now led!"
"Not so!" another whispered, "Dare we go
And leave the flocks to prowling midnight foe?"
"I know we need not fear;" the first replied,
"The great Jehoyah will protect and guide,
For heard we voices, in a sweet accord,
Bidding us leave the flocks and seek our Lord!"

Now did those men but dream they heard
a voice
Bidding the world of man that it rejoice,
Or heard they cheating noises of the night,
The sighing breeze borne from the mountain height?—
Or serenade, or sounds of minstrelsy

Upon the air from some far revelry?
And was that radiance of falling star,
Or did the gods their lightning bolts unbar?
Or yet did planets Jupiter and Mars
And brilliant Saturn form a ring of stars,
Soon followed close by wand'rer of the skies,—
Whose origin the scientist defies?

But turn we must from every argument
To stand by history of Testament,
And tell to you that flocks were left, while they,
The trusting earthly shepards, sought the way
Leading to where the dear Redeemer lay.

Through grassy mead and o'er the dashing
stream
Sped on those shepherds as in a troubled dream;
Through blooming glade with lamps of sparkling dew,
And through the grove where rang the wild "To-who!"
By crags where vultures roused from gluttoned sleep
Stretched out their necks to take a midnight peep,—
With one desire all joyously they ran
To question him who kept the village khan,
If he knew aught of child new-born that night;
Now bade he them await the dawning light,
When they might search the city near and far;
But seeking once again the guiding star,
And moving in its wake they soon were brought
To near by cave; with feelings overwrought
They entered in and found the baby boy!
That Child o'er which they could not leash their joy

As gazed they on Its form which softly lay,
Within the mother's arms, among the hay.

Took they nor spice nor costly unguent,
Nor were their modest clothes a testament
Of any wealth and power they might possess,
Since health was their main article of dress;
And yet those simple men, whose faith and love
Are writ in blazing characters Above,
To Jesus gave the perfect homage due
Then laws of reverance to me and you,
By falling at the blessed virgin's feet
To with the Son the saintly mother greet.

Ah, Love's sweet kingdom, 'stablished there
that day!
And Love the king who would extend his sway
O'er haunt of man until there came to be
An end of vice and human misery;
A springing up of mercy and that trust
In God and good and life all pure and just!
A love of home; a love of brotherhood;
A love of woman better understood
And lifted from the thrall to be the blest,
Because of Mary, mother on whose breast
Pillowed the Lord His infant head in rest!

A company full strange we notice there,
Neath one poor lantern's feeble, ghostly flare:
One tiny Babe, predestined soon to be
The Lord of every land and of each sea;



A Scene in the Manger

Joseph—guardian soul—; the virgin maid;
The uncouth shepherds, kneeling half afraid,
While cattle, sheep and goats knee deep in straw
Large eyed and wondering were at what they saw.

Man marvels now that then the shepherd hind
Could see the Glory while the cultured mind
Was kept in darkness, and the trained ear
The song of peace was not allowed to hear:
God *did* the scribes and rabbis all condemn
To lack of knowledge; yet he gave to them
The great, wise trio—who had journeyed far—
Those eyes of faith to see the guiding star,
And opened wide their ears that they might be
Attuned by love to that sweet symphony.

Those three wise heathen men who had
been led
To seek and find the Savior's lowly bed;
Philosophers whose god had been the Buddh,
And priest, who Egypt's laws had long construed
Beheld a star of wondrous constancy,
Slow-moving in a track of brilliancy,
And felt much more impressed by that one star
Than we today by constellations are;
Since see we them in world encircled skies
With but the student's scientific eyes,—
Without the hope they were by Moses seen
In blue Arabian skies; nor viewed I ween
As once by Abram from Chaldea's plain
When read he them for signs of loss and gain.

And what though Noah sought those lamps
in vain
From Grey Ararat's height;—and though they were
Not always guides to stranded mariner,
Upon the deep; yet this orb was by far
Brighter than all the rest together are;—
Remaining fixed and straightly pointing out,
To those three men, Ephrate's nearest route.

And with this star had come a voice to them
Bidding them seek at once far Bethlehem;
At once therefore, did those three men depart,
From three opposing points likewise they start
With hope to find their dream's sweet counterpart:
Nor lakes, nor streams, nor hoary headed mount,
Nor desert wild, nor spiral-sanded fount,
Nor black-browed skies, nor yet the howling wind,
Could change the fixed desire of seeking mind,
For as they journeyed there had come the dream
Of sweet Elysian field where shining stream,
And balmy air—with Angel voices rife—
Made new and sweet for them the spirit's life.

The one—a Hindoo— much renowned for lore,
Had traveled from the far off Ganges shore,
The while his friends who came from other lands
Had faced Assyria's or Egypt's sands,
To find at last the humble, native place
Of Him who would regenerate a race!

And though they found no throned and sceptered king,
No gorgeous robes, no coronet, no ring
To mark Him other than a peasant boy,
These adverse signs did not their faith destroy,
Since light there seemed so pure and undefiled,
All whitely shining round the lowly Child,
That His rude bed, the poorest cattle stall,
Became to them a splendid manor hall.

Three gentle faces, full of vital thought,
As hidden springs with living waters fraught;—
Faithful to native cult, till it, at last
Had failed to give that peace which holdeth fast;
Then hearing shepherd's tale and knowing this
Was their experience, they stooped to kiss
The Baby's feet, and gaze into His eyes,
The while obedient servant quickly flies
To loose the knots and burst the bands which hold
The stores of guarded treasure—gem and gold—
Of camel train; for though these men did wear
Long robes of beauty quite beyond compare
Which were befringed and brodered all in gold,
With ruby, pearl and topaz in each fold,—
Though wore they rings and daggers richly wrought,
And shawls of Araby with turkis caught,
And though the trappings of their camels bore
The mark of luxury from foreign shore,
Yet well accorded all their rich array
With praises sweet they carried Him that day.
As at His feet so tenderly they laid
Those trays of precious gems, of nard and jade,

And costly fabrics in far countries made,
Which valued with the frankincense and gold,
And precious myrrh, a fortune did enfold.

Anew sprang faith, and wider, sweeter hope,
And charity that day enlarged her scope,
As came those priests from that rude manger out!
There dwelt within their minds no sort of doubt,
And yet as though to strengthen, came the voice
Of grateful nature bidding them rejoice:
They saw to east the miracle of day,
As grew to gold the coronet of gray,
And saw the amethyst and burning blue
Reflect their glories in the shining dew;
And then the lark, late hushed by winter cold,
New-swelled his throat and sang his matins old,
While from the crevice poured the waters sweet
As they would lave the precious Baby's feet.

Nor "Book of Dead", nor Buddha's laws
could serve
The faith and love of those wise men to swerve,
As turned they homeward from that land of birth,
To spread the joyous news o'er all the earth.



The Mother and Child

THE REFUGEE

O Expectation of Israel, the Savior thereof in time of trouble, why wilt thou be as a wandering man?

THERE ruled in Israel one called, "The Great"
Who rose through Rome to his august estate,
And ever guarded well his unsafe throne;
No light of strength in any eye e'er shone
Throughout his kingdom but that Herod saw
Within it scheme to thwart his iron law;
When heard he therefore of a strange white sign,
Which from the eastern sky came forth to shine
In radiant splendor, and to point the way
To secret bed wherein new-born there lay
A tiny Babe much talked of, then could he
But fret and worry 'bout the mystery.

And knowing not this new Judean King
Had but the soul's subjection come to bring,
A thought of blood grew Herod's chiefest one,
Nor could he rest till thought in deed be done;
Though slyly did he seek to clothe this thought
As had he to his royal presence brought,
Those men of wisdom whom he knew had sought
The infant King, and felt he sure how they
Might be cajoled to tell where Jesus lay.

So humble did that ruler seem to be
As questioned he those men right craftily,
Pretending all the while that he would know,

In order that with reverant haste he go
To worship at the shrine of this new King;
But did they well indeed in answering,
For silent bows made up the knowledge he
Could seem to get from all their courtesy.

And soon learned he how—his wishes spurning—
They passed him by, to native shores returning;
Yet as the tiger in blood-red desire,
Pursues its prey and never seems to tire.
So Herod sought the Infant lately born
From dawn to eve and then anew till morn;
The while the lapse of time had quite sufficed,
That Mary seek the temple with the Christ
To show Him to the priest and pay the price
Of the time-honored Jewish sacrifice;
—This for a son requiring shekels five
And two white turtle doves brought in alive.

Now when the blessed mother had thus done
Her duty carefully, she took her Son,
And with her guardian Joseph soon returned
To quiet Nazareth for which they yearned;
Yet scarcely did they rest till God above,—
Who guided them so wisely in His love,—
Had through His messenger new-counseled them
To turn once more their steps to Bethlehem;
And they not knowing Herod had declared,
Not one man-child would in that place be spared,
Had entered Bethlehem obedient,
Nor questioned why they were to Juda sent.

Ere soldiers could their master's wishes do,
And with dead infants all that village strew,
God's messenger anear to Joseph drew,
And cried aloud to him; 'Thou man arise!
And flee ye south to find Egyptian skies:
Take with thee there this new-born King of Jews,
To tarry with Him till I bring the news
That Herod's evil reign at last is o'er
And thou in safety canst return once more.

Ah, true had Jesus come to bring the sword,
And Rachel weeping for her children poured
In Rama's ears her cry of agony!
Brave must have been the soldier! brave was he
Who on fair Juda such destruction drew,
As dared he pierce those soft, white bodies through!
Yet praise we ever that the reeking blade
Missed what it sought, though sorrow we it slayed
In Bethlehem one single innocent:
We read how Herod did at death repent,
Nor marvel we that each sad, baby cry
Filled up his ears when came his hour to die!

But let us follow those whom God had sent
—That they be safe—to years of banishment!

All faintly shone o'er mount of Paradise,
The mellow blush of early morning skies
That kissed the forest, meadow, hill and dale
Where shadows frowned beneath a misty veil;
And softly too o'er rivulets there grew

The interlacing trees whose branches through,
The wild birds sang a happy, morning lay
As though in carols of rejoicing they
Might show their sympathies, and sweetly greet
That Holy family whose quiet feet
Had left behind the Bethl'em village gate,
To pass beyond where Herod's jealous hate
Might hope to deal the cruel death which he
Had planned for Jesus, Child of Mystery.

Now though they'd passed the village streets
so still,
Yet barely had the rough and stony hill,
Been traversed by the fleeing family,
Till every waking cock crowed lustily,—
A "Good-good-morning-sir!" to new-born day,
The kine began to low, the donkeys bray,
And all the camels which in khan-yard lay
With tinkling bells kept time to fretful moans!
The cameleers cursed loud in wrathful tones,
As scores of dogs from all the world rejoiced
That many tongued, they yet could speak one-voiced.

We wonder if the stir they left behind
Disturbed at all that exiled trio's mind,
Or was that saved them, as devoutly they
Pursued the path which led them Hebron way?
That path where he of fertile vision may
Among those barren wastes see dreamily,
The fruitful valleys as they used to be:
The flock-strewn plain as vast as billowy sea,

And em'rald fields and orchard groves spread out
In richest cultivation therea-bout;
Or hanging gardens or the laden vines
Adorning scores of roughly sloped inclines,—
Or harvests yet in wondrous, blazing gold
As when lived Boaz on the neighb'ring wold,
And where sweet Ruth, than sharon rose more fair,
Gleaned in the fields with wheat-decked, raven hair,
So charming she, the hoary mounts above
With youth renewed, looked down on her in love!

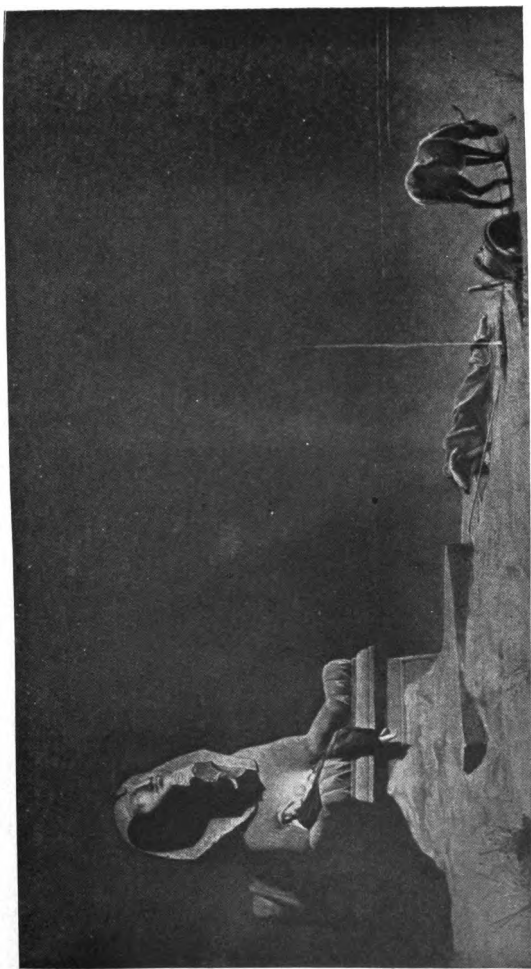
How e'er it be we feel they passed their days
In deeds and converse of a joyous praise;
Ne'er had they thought to murmur or complain
Of heavy burdens on their shoulders lain;
But through the desert and 'oer mountain bold
Sought out the land of which the Message told.
While from their paths fled every thing that harms,
As though such perfect lives were ruled by charms;
The wolf and jackal roaming far with fox.
The while hyena-nature's paradox—
Looked mildly on as o'er his head away,
The tempting birds upwheeled to purpling gray.

The leopard sheathed his claws and—so 'tis
said—
Lay at the Infant's feet an humbled head,
The while the gaunt old king, of jungle beasts,
Skulked near in shadows as though seeking feasts;
Ay, were those travelers to him anear,
Yet saw him not and neither did they hear

His hungry cry, as rose his tawny head,
With wish by them to be sustained and fed,
For leashed he was as in those ages when
The prophet Daniel slept within his den.

The rose of Jericho bloomed where Christ trod
And wild, sweet-scented thyme adorned the clod;
The palms bent down their heads at His command,
And offered fruits to His most blessed hand,
Then, as they reached the storied land of Nile,
Fell every idol in a shapeless pile!

At last that trio reached a place of rest;
Where tomb of king and crocodile abreast,
On every hand arose as monument
Of how the thrall his years of bondage spent;
Where ere the Christian era had begun,
There reigned Osiris, Isis and their son
And brother Horus; and where Pharoah's name,
And all the deeds he'd done that led to fame,
Were deftly carved on pyramids of stone;
Where God strewed plagues like as the seed is sown—
When Egypt failed to set the Hebrews free:—
'Tis there, for years, we leave the Refugee!



The Rest in Egypt

THE TEMPTATION

*For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted,
He is able to succor them that are tempted.*

NOW when the Herod closed his bloody reign,
The Holy family turned home again,
And filled a prophecy—an ancient one—
“From out of Egypt have I called my Son.”

So long the journey must have seemed! the
way
Stretched on and on through sands, neath skies or gray,
Or blue, or rose it mattered not, for they
Were seeking Nazareth; ah, there it lay!
At last, at last they reach their home once more
And feel they love its life as ne’er before!

O land of beauty, Nazareth that spring!
From throat of crested lark a welcoming;
The droning bee was glad, the cooing dove,
And all that crept the earth or soared above:
E’en lazy fish the waters newly stirred;
While bloom and grass and budding tree concurred
In joyous revelry, as to award
Their choicest homage to our blessed Lord.

Ay, true it was a fair, inspiring land!
The best of nature seen on every hand:
There to the south Gilboa, where the dawn
Sent primal shafts the while night’s curtain drawn,

Still rested on the world of lower range;
There could one see the Carmel and the strange,
Round-breasted Tabor, clothed in green and brown,—
And glimpses of the Jordan winding down
To reach the sea of Lot; and far away,
Half-hidden by the heavy mists of gray,
Who looked imagined he could see the land
Reach out to grasp the great sea's beck'ning hand;
While near to Nazareth, long lanes of red
And snow-white oleander blossoms led
To fruitful orchard and the grassy mead;
And in the feathery palms the scented air
Mysterious stirred as though was converse there
Among the sprites and gnomes and fairies who,
Were counseling on what they hoped to do.

We marvel not the world doth hold it true
That Christ to manhood in that village grew;
For there was all of quiet, all of love;—
There might the Voice instructing from Above,
Find willing minds and eager hearts to hold
Whate'er the Teacher might to them unfold.

The cot of Christ, as heart of opened rose,
Slept calmly in green petals of repose;
A humble home, where lowly, whitewashed door
With blooming vines was gayly trellised o'er;
There swallows built their nests beneath the eaves,
And tree-doves mated 'mong the camphire leaves;—
Then in the one room, clean and neatly kept,
Were quilts uprolled where last night all had slept;

There on the walls the shining cups and pans
Of clay or brass well scoured; there waving fans
Of green palm tips to ward the nagging flies,
There porous water jar the heat defies,
And on the rude, low table, neatly spread
The poor man's fare of fruit and homely bread.

And so the life of Jesus, though refined,
Was in his youth of unassuming kind;
His food thus simple, nutritive and pure,
Producing health and strength which could endure
The toil of bench and hammer and the saw.

I would I might a perfect likeness draw
Of comely youth, the Christ! a presence rare;
Of wondrous stature; straight and wholly fair;
Eyes of azure depths, red gold in the hair
Which softly down upon his shoulders fell;
And on the face a light which cast a spell
Of love or fear on all; then manner free,
Though quite reserved and full of majesty.

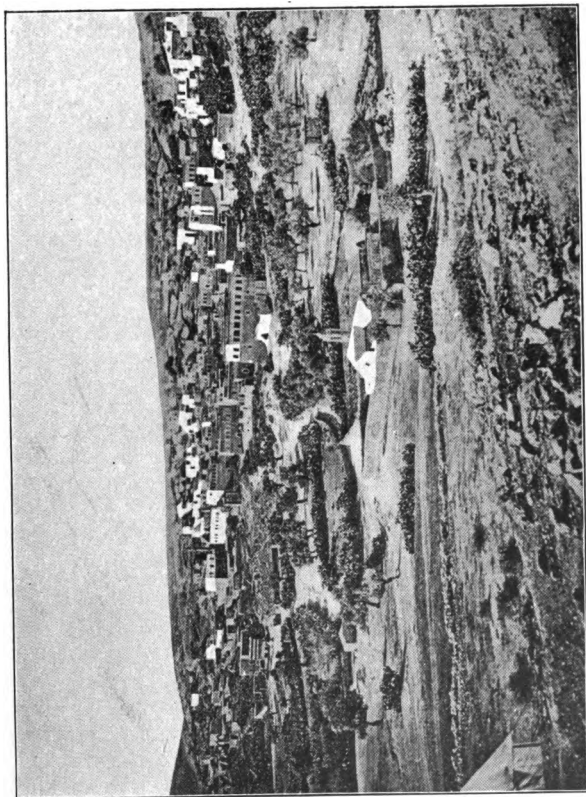
Children of genius suffer! to be alone
Is luxury but to the thoughtful known!
As years went on, into the very heart
Of forest glade the Savior drew apart;
And as the gorgeous bloom reflects the light
So grew He in a purity and might:
The moral height of spirit, and the true
Humility, and trust, and lofty view
He took of God's commands, making the whole,—
The consecration of His sinless soul!

Yet drew He of the scenes which round Him
lay,

Partaking of the sounds that day by day,
He heard at work, in solitude or play,
If lived He as did other village boys;
But had He those same griefs and childish joys?
Did he delight in wrestling and the chase,
And did He often fail to win the race
Since 'twould have caused the weaker to outrun
A normal strength, and thus a harm be done?
Or did He e'er a sportsman seek to be,
Then let through sympathy the game go free,
To bind the wound and ease the gnawing pain
Of injured one, and to its haunts again
Return it there, lest other hunter see
And profit by its sad infirmity?

Did careless deeds of human children grow
To be His own, or did He ever show
Himself so kind and just—obedient—
He was daily lesson unto others sent?
Did other youths look on the Christ in scorn
When sought He to instruct, or chide or warn,
Or did they seem to see the gulf so wide
'Twixt Him and them, they choose Him for a guide?
Did pretty maid, with dark hair neatly bound,
And feet soft-sandaled pass that One around,
With glances shy, as seemed He even then
Something apart from other Jewish men?

There does seem little we can ever know
About His youthful happiness or woe;



Nazareth, the Home of Jesus

One thing we hold and that He could but be
Both wise and good in His humility;
Of knowledge having all, or gaining all
With perfect ease, and then whate'er befall
Soft mannered ever, save when wrong and sin
Had unrepulsed by man been welcomed in.

What though His life was such a mystery
Into the depths of which we can not see,
Yet there is one sweet story of His youth,
When He at twelve expounded Holy truth
To doctors, elders and those ancient seers,
Till scarcely dared they confidence their ears.

And in this wise the meeting came to be,
The week of Paschal feast and revelry
Had all but passed when homeward turneth she,
His mother Mary, noting not how He
Was left behind; but later grew aware
He followed not, and sought she everywhere
Among the travelers who seemed to share
The gnawing sorrow of her anxious mind;
Soon turneth she however that she find,
If youthful Jesus had not joined with them
As lately they had left Jerusalem.
She reached the Holy city—fled her fears—
She found Him in the temple with the seers;
Then did admonish Him in gentle tone;
'But know ye not' He said, when she had done,
'That in My Father's house I must now be
About His works, since He hath made of Me
On earth the Captain of His embassy?'

Plain is it why the wise had marveled how
Such signs of knowledge sat upon His brow,
Or from His mouth had flowed more startling word
Than they from other youth had ever heard.

And still find we, by turning hist'ry's page
That twelve had been a most important age
When other boys, rose out of Israel's race
Marvels of wisdom and of Heavenly grace.
The year of twelve saw Solomon's great pow'r
As judge and prophet burst forth into flow'r,
While Samuel at that same age became
A seer of honor in Jehovah's name;
And then among the rushes, dank and wild,
Which fringed the sluggish Nile, was found a child
That showed a judgement his worst foes among
And saved his life at twelve through wisdom's tongue.

For almost thirty years the Lord had passed
A quiet life, then left it for the vast
Unbroken field of Pharasaic sod;
With ploushare guided by the hand of God!
Sowed He the seed of love which was Divine,
And promised harvests of a perfect wine;
Though soil He found was often so impure
That it would none save noxious less insure;
Yet plowed and sowed He o'er and o'er again
Till sterile soil had sometimes yielded men,
Who with Him spent their years in constant toil,
Winning crops of Eshcol from old, barren soil.

Now one there was among Judean boys
Inured to hardships, till they grew his joys.
Escaped from Herod with his mother, when
She fled with him, her baby, into den
Where e'en the grey wolf's fangs no terrors bore!
Nor do we hear of John the Baptist more,
Till cometh he as prophet to proclaim
To Juda's race the Savior's magic name.
For five long centuries no prophet rose
From Israel's midst, till he, therefore they chose
To think him the Messiah; whispered they
"This is the Christ, who cometh now to slay
The roman dogs and set our people free!"

But when they questioned him, all humbly he
Declared himself unfit to loose the string
Of Christ's worn shoe; and that he came to bring
The tidings of Who would at last set free
The soul of Israel from vassalry.

'Repent!' he cried, 'The Kingdom is at hand.
Repent! confess! 'and came there from that band
To be baptized; but sight of one anear
Had blanched the Baptist's face as though in fear;
And coming quickly out he cried: 'Who art thou?'
Then prostrate at His feet, 'I know thee now!
Thou art the Christ! come not, I pray to me
To be baptized, but rather I to Thee.'

'Suffer it for now,' his cousin Jesus said,
And sweetly had His way by being led
Into the waters deep to be baptized;
Then was that waiting throng indeed surprised
As swiftly came from out of Heav'n a dove,

—The Father's sign of purity and love,—
And with it Voice which said: 'This is the One
In whom I am well pleased, My blessed Son!'

'Twas hard by Jordan's stream that Jesus
taught

So many of His truths and where He wrought
So many miracles; where doth remain
The signs of love for Him sincere and plain:
For still in trees which wave upon those banks,
Birds fill the air with carols of their thanks
To Him the Wonderful, the Saintly meek
Who did their company so often seek;
There blossoms on the banks and stars that rise
—To honor whom the world now defies—
Reflect in Jordan sweet new worlds and skies.

And since the Christ once entered that same
stream

To be baptized, the christian world must deem
It most beloved of waters on the earth;
Full grown and beautiful at point of birth,
It drew of life from snow-clad Hermon's breast
While sun and moon its smiling face caressed:
From every cave and cranny, rock and spring
Doth Neptune still those foaming waters fling;
Those waves so turbulent, and swift and bright
—Like serpents fleeing in a wild affright—
Leap madly through the blooming oleander,
Then over hill and through the vale meander;
Scarce pausing for a rest in Galilee,
And reach at last the far off parent sea.

In early history the Savior went
To lonely wilderness, and there He spent
Six weary weeks in fasting and in pray'r,
With nothing of the world surrounding there:
Judea's desert wild the Jesus chose,
Where cliff and cavern pile on pile arose;
That place where witchcraft might be spirit live,
And demonology with God could strive!
A home for savage beast, and wand'ring band
Of thieves and ghouls infesting all the land;—
Or yet of monk, that silent hermit gray
Who lives apart to meditate and pray.

'Twas there Elijah fled from Ahab's wrath;—
And now the feet of pilgrims tread that path,
Seeming to see and feel the sights and fears
Which there the Baptist may have known for years;—
See where Elisha healed the poisoned spring
As lived he there, his faith new-strengthening,
And there all turn to follow Him who trod
An unseen path which leadeth up to God.

Imagine ye a Man all sensitive
A-hungered on those wastes and yet to live
—Subduing of Himself each sep'rate trace—
As suppliant to God for fallen race!
There live with bird and beast whose savage cries
With roar of wind and crash of thunder vies,
While just below, and barely out of sight,
Dwells all of pleasure, all of earthly light!

And yet how good to go apart and rest!
Take stock of self, the worst as well as best,
In solemn wood or by the quiet stream;
There know thyself better than thou couldst dream
In busy haunts; learn self-denial there
—In one short hour of thought and silent pray'r—
More perfectly than days would bring elsewhere.

We marvel much and yet we can but guess,
If fiercest hunger, pain and weariness
Assailed Thee Lord in that vast wilderness!
Did visions come of bread and laden vine,
Of luscious fruit and draughts of new-made wine?
Did cooling shade and softly flowing stream
Make tangled skein of agonizing dream?
Did Thy sweet mother's face above Thee bend,
And did the friends of youth on Thee attend?
Did homely scenes of toil and happy shout
Confront Thy soul as hostages of Doubt?
Did blue doves whisper in Thine ears again,
And blooms wave thick before Thine eyes, as when
Thou wast a Child in rural Galilee
With home and friends to soothe and comfort Thee?
Or did Thy Father's love Thy soul sustain,
Till there was naught of hunger, grief or pain?
And wast Thou then so changed, that earthly thought
And deed and wish were so subdued, and brought
From out the human vein they did combine
With perfect part and make the whole Divine?

When Jesus thus was fasting in the wild,
The lord of many nations, sin-defiled,
That wily Satan saw his kingdom sway,
And forthwith sought to find a prop and stay,
So strong that even God who once had hurled
Him forth from Heaven to found a nether world,
Could not destroy with all the Angel hosts
His princely power; alas! alas for boasts!
For soon had millions burst his bonds into
To take the yoke of Nazarite in lieu.

And how did Satan give his powers full sway,
To tempt the Lord as there He knelt to pray?
Did wild winds roar, and fiercest lightnings flash,
And thunders threat those crags with awful crash?
And was the tempter so beguiling Him
A devil personal, who sought to win
A full control; or rather was the Christ
By all of human in His heart enticed?

Howe'er it be we seem e'en now to feel
The Savior's enemy was strong and real,
And seem to hear the tempter in his art,
Thus try seduction on the Master's heart:
'Now make of stones Thy bread or I refute
Thy Godly claims to name Thee mortal man.'
'And know ye not, 'the Savior's answer ran,
'Man liveth not by any bread alone,
But by each word which cometh from the Throne?'

With tact and skill the tempter turneth next
To cite from Psalms a suitable new text,

As from the wilderness, so rough and brown,
He had with Jesus entered in the town:
'If Heaven's Son Thou art, ay, if Thou be
Then cast Thyself from pinnacles and show it me;
Or from this temple, for Thou must agree
That if Thou art the Lord's He knoweth Thee,
And never will He let Thee come to harm;
Come, cast Thyself and show to me Thy charm!'

The Jesus answered with, 'Thou shalt not
tempt
The Lord, thy God, nor show to Him contempt.'
Then upward Satan took the Christ to show
To Him from mountain tops the world below,
As quoth he thus, 'these will I give to Thee
If Thou wilt bow and worship only me.'
'Get thee behind Me, Satan!' said the Christ,
'For by thy wiles I can not be enticed.'
And seeing how there was not victim there,
The baffled tempter ceased his speech so fair
To angrily dissolve himself in air.

When Satan left, the Christ beheld a form
Of wondrous light, and felt a touch so warm
Upon His hands, His famished spirit grew
All live again as bathed in Heav'nly dew,
And as the morning dawned, He passed again
Into the world inhabited by men;
Taught 'mong the strangers for a time and then
He sought once more the village of His youth,
Where preached He in the synagogue the Truth.

There gave His only sermon from a text;
Yet those who listened were but sore perplexed
As spake He from Esaias in this wise:
'With Me the Spirit dwelleth to advise,
To teach, deliver and to heal and bind
All stricken ones of what so-ever kind.'

He closed the book, then silent once again,
He noted queries in the eyes of men
Which seemed to say, 'And why, if Ye are He
The great Messiah,—why, then can not ye
Perform some miracle that we may see?'
He answered them in tones all passion-thrilled,
'Today in Me the Scripture is fulfilled!
I do not here what wonders ye demand,
Hence have not honor in My native land.'
Then cited He Sarepta and the one
Among the many lepers who had won
The Healer's ear while all the others had
But been dismissed, yet poor, uncured and sad.

Then scorched by fiery words, the helpless
moth
—His audience—became at last so wroth,
That they forgot the law of Sabbath day,
And all things else except the wish to slay;
Till soon with eager steps the angry throng
Essayed to cast the Holy one headlong
Adown a near by hill; yet God on High
Was not then ready for the Christ to die,
So passed He out in safety from that place
And to a friendlier land He set His face.

THE TWELVE SELECTED

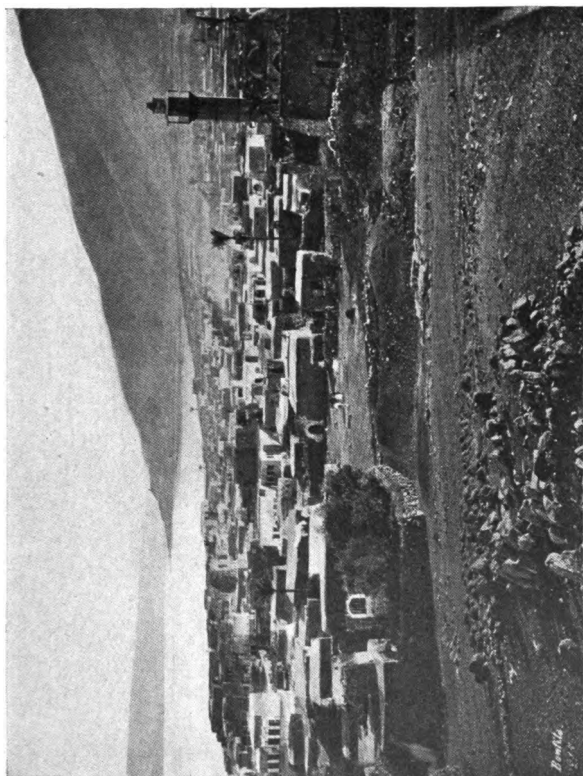
If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed.

O GALILEE! O lovely Galilee!
When sad and overwrought Christ turned
to thee;

Thou home of Canticles and of the Psalms
Where He healed hearts with Gilead's sweet balms!
Once circled by great cities, numb'ring nine,
And by the grove and mead and clust'ring vine,
On all bestowing beauty, strength and hope
From pebbled shore to far off hilly slope.

And as adown the vanished years we gaze,
We see thy surface rippling in the blaze
Of noonday sun; and mark the fisher boat,
And roman galley there at anchor float;
There hear the noisy whirr—can it be dream?—
And o'er the wheel we see the foaming stream
Bring life to gold pomegranate and the pear,
And citron and the lotus blossom there.

Anear we see half hidden by that grove,
Uprising temple, dedicated to Jove;
And there to Pan; there game and tournament
With vast enclosures to their purpose lent;
Then here the synagogue, built by the sea
That for ablutions it convenient be.



Galilee

And populous with souls from many lands,
We hear the feet of thousands on those sands!
There traders bring their stuffs to barter them—
Perchance for bauble, trade their choicest gem.
There meet the Greek, the Roman, Elamite,
To council, argue, and sometimes to fight.

Alas! we wake to find it all a dream;—
Actual life be not as visions seem!
Now Galilee doth glass no flying sail,
And shrunk the highway to a donkey trail;
No longer are her cities marts of trade;
No longer in her fields are fortunes made,
Since gone are city, grove and harvest reach;
Still some of beauty lives from that lone beach
To frowning faces of the distant hills
Of black basalt; and too, her surface thrills
In answer to the wild, untamed songs,
Which burst from swelling throats of feathered throngs,
To herald there within her opal light
The rose-hued dawn or purple, starry night.

Though passed He far to other regions Christ
Was ever by that lovely sea enticed:
As one day on her shore He paused to rest,
He saw some anglers who were sore-oppressed
As sat they hopelessly, with net and line,
And o'er the fruitless waters did repine.
Now He at first had watched them silently,
And then approaching them said quietly,
'Cast Ye again your nets into the sea!'

And they obeying soon had brought to land
To spread out there upon the golden sand,
Great shoals of gleaming fish, and so full fain
Imagined Galilee the briny main.

Christ noted all their joy, then sayeth he,
Ye men, lay down your nets and follow me,
For I would make you fishers of mankind.
And send ye o'er the sea the prey to find?
Then Andrew and his brother Peter rose
And followed Him, to be the first of those
Among the twelve disciples whom He chose.

Took He that time, as later, men of grace
And perfect faith, though mean in form and face;
In nowise learned as the pharisee,
Or Scribe, or rabbi, yet each willingly
Through faith Divine, believed what Jesus said;
Through that same Faith they followed where He led.

Christ's mother, Mary, grieved in silent way;
She could but hope for Him and for Him pray!
So rarely had she seen her blessed Son
Since first His work of healing had begun:
Each day her spirit sad and sadder grew;—
The iron of misery had pierced it through;
And gladly did she give up home and friend
That on His lonely life she might attend.
Henceforth she followed where so-e'er He went,
Her presence and her faith a sacrament.

About this time we find that Jesus sought
Out fair Jerusalem, and there He brought
To speedy justice those—the greedy bold—
Who in the holy temple bought and sold;
There did He find all sorts and kinds of trade;
And such defamers, He in anger bade
Cease changing gold within the house of God:
In righteous wrath, He gave them of the rod,
The while He cried: ‘Ye vipers, know it grieves
Your God to have His house filled up with thieves!’

The stricken priests so wondered how He
dare,
—The common Nazarene—to thus lay bare
Their sinful acts, that loud their threats became;
How could they tolerate a charge of blame?
They! priests and rabbis—highest in the land—
Who served the altar at the Lord’s command!

So plotted they how they might slay the
Christ;
Though time and way that He be sacrificed
Had not yet come, and therefore once again
He safely passed beyond the priestly ken.

One time so roused were all His enemies,
That Jesus quietly set out with these,
The twelve disciples, Mary Magdalene,—
His mother dear, and others who had seen
And known His wondrous works; perhaps been cured
Of some sad evil human flesh endured!—

And led He them a pilgrimage to Tyre;—
That place where sacrifice by sword and fire
To red Astartë as religious rites,
Gave multiudes and priests their chief delights.

Twin cities, proud and cold and merciless:
For conquered one, no pity, no redress!
Thou queen of heathern-merchant of the world,
All nation's banners at thy gates unfurled!
And skilfullest thy subjects on the sea
As brought they products of the world to thee:
Of grain and spice and oil from off the plain;
Of fish and pearl and coral from the main;
And golden broidered cloth and jewels rare,
And slaves of worth with which none else compare.
Slaves who there toiled and died that thine estate
Might through the ages yet become more great:
Slaves who were sacrificed by millions there,
Yet not enough! for priests with red arms bare
Must pierce the soft white throats of infants ere
Could be quite filled the letter of thy law,
Which bade them sate their shrine's blood-thirsty
maw!

In brazen majesty thou sat in state
Not knowing how 'twould one day be thy fate,
For that sweet Soul—Euphrate's lowly Child—
To enter—with His friends—thy gates defiled,
And there to leave the Word which would dethrone
The god neath which He heard thy victims groan!

When Jesus and His followers entered there
The throngs all gaily garbed were gathered, where,
In booths and shops it seemed an endless fair:
Where many tongues made Babel build anew;
And where the blessed Master stood to view
The strings of camels; slaves in jealous fight
And cymbal girls, and eager, dancing sprite.

One day while there, unto Him crying came
A Grecian wife who begged Him in God's name
Have mercy on her child, who devil tossed
Was tortured till her life must soon be lost.
But He, sore grieved because of Tyrean sin,
Thus answered her: 'We would the Children win
The meat and bread, and so it were not well
To cast it to the dogs! 'In anguish, swell
Her whispered words to cries, as pleadeth she:
'Crumbs fall my Lord which e'en the dogs may see,
And may they not then eat? 'Christ's face shone sweet
Upon the one who knelt there at His feet
As sayeth He with pleasure unconcealed,
'Go thou in peace! thy little maid is healed.'

When Jesus sojourned there till seed was
spread
To give the hungry heathen living bread,
He with His loving followers returned
To that Jerusalem o'er which He yearned:
Yet soon again to be compelled to flee
From danger of the rabbis' enmity.

Ay, soon passed He to near Capernaum;
And when into the city He had come
His friends with sorry news made haste to Him:
News of John the Baptist, in prison grim
There to the south beside the sea of Lot,
Where former friends and followers came not!
Christ learned of how Herodias, Herod's wife,
Because of John's rebukes desired his life;
How watched she banquet time, when Herod grew
Convivial o'er his cups, and then she knew
She might through strategy encompass him,
For knowing well how it were Herod's whim
To watch her daughter dance, she straightway sent
Salome in for his divertisement.
Danced she so gracefully, so gayly he
Gave promise that whate'er her wish might be,
E'en to half his kingdom vast, then should she
That half receive; instructed by her mother
She made her wish, nor could he put another
In that one's place; the dancer only said:
'I pray you give me John the Baptist's head!
What though the Herod did not wish it so,
He sent the headsman to the cell below,
And there Christ's herald met his tragic fate!
Soon was his head, upon a silver plate,
A crimson gift to woman's pride and hate.

The Christ was sorely grieved, and presently
Set out to tour the whole of Galilee;
And found He John and James at fisher trade,
And noting their demeanor, straightway made

A choice of them, who gladly followed where
And when their blessed Master might prepare.

THE SERMON WONDERFUL

To enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: to direct their feet into the way of peace.

THE Horns of Hattin rise near Galilee,
And from their points the traveler may see
The storied land Christ viewed when there
He taught
Those lessons, on the mount, with wisdom fraught.

Perchance the Lord ascended Hattin's point,
The night before, that there He might anoint
His o'er-taxed soul in supplication, where
His Father only heard His anguished pray'r;
Nor did He take e'en one disciple there;
But in the morning, came they to Him, when
He bade them lend their presence Him again.

What Heavenly views the Savior must have
had
From far off Hermon to the hills of Gad,
As fled grey night before the youthful day!
There to the southward through the valley sped
The rippling waves of Jordan-silv'ry thread—
That brodered gayly by the rose and thorn,
Gave life and health to fields of growing corn.

And there from paths and highways, far
and near
He saw the surging multitude appear,

As forth they came in one unspoke accord,
To seek and find the blessings of the Lord,
In wondrous synagogue all lily-lit,
With wondrous explanations of the writ!
Where wisdom marvelous in simple dress
Poured into wounds a balsam measureless;
Where congregation—each poor, luckless wight—
Had dewy, rose-wreathed footstool for his right;
Where was no purple veil, no lattice high
To warn the common soul from drawing nigh.

Not only was there here a human throng
But lark and linnet hushed their wonted song,
To listen near; and e'en the wind was still,
As though to hear the blessed Master's will.

Now taught He there without the hope to
please,—
Poor man attacked by Pleasure's sweet disease,—
Since spake He to the throngs in words like these:
'The camel of the desert easier may
Pass through the eye of needle than can they,
—Who are the men of riches, worldly grand,—
Obtain an entrance to the Promised land;
For whoso loveth gold finds all his joy,
In hoarding it where moths may soon destroy,
Or where the thieves may break the guarded seal
And boldly all the wondrous treasure steal;
And then ye know ye can not service do
To Whom doth seek your love, and mammon too;
To one and only one can ye be true!'

Yet more and more the eager throngs came
near,
That they might better all His precepts hear.
Again I give to you the vital thought
Of what His words to multitudes then taught:
'Think not of raiment, for the lily is
With none of effort clothed and known as His;
And He hath decked it lovelier by far,
Than proudest kings in all their glory are.
Nor need ye fret because of trouble near,
Nor need ye any sort of danger fear,
Since never sparrow nesteth neath the eaves
But sweet protection from His hand receives.'

And in His firm and gentle accents He
Admonished all that throng thus solemnly:
'Lay ye not gift upon the altar till
Ye have according to God's Holy will,
Made peace with those 'gainst whom ye have been
brought
To harbor in the heart an unkind thought;
Since spite and hate breed bitterness and woe,
To turn the world into a seeming foe;
Nor may ye with the Jewish law comply,
For it hath tooth for tooth and eye for eye,
But love and bless thy fiercest enemy
And give soft answers to his calumny.'

'In secret thine alms do; both give and lend;
Discard thine eye and hand if they offend;
Pass ye your neighbors' moes lest they may blind

Yourselves to beams ye have of darker kind.'
Again He said: 'Trust ye not nor believe
Those prophets who in promises deceive,
For power comes not except from One on High,
And blessed they who on naught else rely.'

The Master rested there that they might
dwell

On those fine truths, which on their hearing fell;
Then told He them how they, from day of birth
Became the precious salt of all the earth;
And warned them how they should at any cost,
Preserve its savor lest its worth be lost;
Then showed He how true gold would stand the fire,
And how the servant should be worthy hire;—
How the leaven of life should be the best,
And talents owned should not be left to rest;
How it were well to faint in life's great fight
Instead of rusting without stroke for right;
And how they should not neath a bushel hide
Their little lights, but set them forth to guide
Some weary traveler o'er the mountain side.

And further yet the Teacher spake to them.
In sweet Beatitudes, each one a gem:
'The poor in spirit, they shall blessed be
As heirs to all the kingdom Heavenly;
And blessed they who truly mourn and grieve,
For they a comforting shall soon receive;
Thrice blessed are the meek—the world is theirs—
And blest the merciful, to mercy heirs;

Then blessed they a-hungred and a-thirst
For righteous food and drink—they are the first
Who filled shall be; while they who are the pure
Shall see their God and rest with Him secure;
Who maketh peace are blest and shall be known
As children of the King—His very own—,
Then blessed who for righteousness' sweet sake
Will cruel persecutions humbly take.

He talked to them of prayer, that mystery,
As deep, and marvelous as Trinity;
And thus His needed counsel did begin:
'When thou dost pray enter thy closet in;
Nor use ye there those repetitions vain,
But supplicate in words sincere and plain.'
Now pausing for a moment, added He,
'And in this manner therefore now pray ye:
Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallow'd be
Thy Holy name, and may Thy Kingdom rise.—
Thy will be done on earth as in the Skies.
Give us this day our needful daily bread,
And then forgive our debts,' the Master said,
'As we forgive; and lead us not into
The evils and temptations that pursue.'

Now as the sermon closed He bade them
when
They saw an evil in their fellow men,
To judge them not lest they themselves should be
So judged at last with same severity.

And after telling them to not condemn
Their erring fellow men, He said to them
'Now he that heareth me, and heedeth not
Is as the house upon the sand, whose lot
Shall be to perish there; while he that heedeth me
Is as the house upon the rock, for he
Shall stand secure through all Eternity.'

SOME OF THE MIRACLES, PARABLES AND ADMONITIONS OF THE CHRIST

My counsel shall stand and all my will shall be done.

AS Christ descended from that lofty mount,
Not any one, I ween, would hope to count
The wond'ring thousands there who quietly
Moved on with Him to shining Galilee!

No journey made He but that at its close
The weary Jesus ever gladly chose
To turn again to Gennesert's shore,
There giving life and health to many score;
And soon His fame of healing spread so far,
He drew the world as drew His native star;
Out from the east, the ailing pilgrim came
To seek the Man who had such wondrous fame:
Medeia's mountain and the Chaldic sands,
And Tigris valley sent their groaning bands,
Past Damascus gates, and shade of Lebanon,
With no thought of rest, but toiling ever on—
Till Galilee was reached and they, at last
Could on the Master's love their burdens cast.

So gathered round this wound, that fiery
scar;
—Oft sorer still than open festers are—
This fevered patient, or that form unclean;
The lame, the halt, the one who had not seen
The sweet blue skies and grassy fields for years;

With supplications, bitter moans and tears
They begged the Master to invoke His pow'r;
And they who trusted Him were whole that hour!

To him who lay distressed, the Jesus said:
'Arise! arise, thou sick! take up thy bed.'
And he to whom this order was addressed
Went forth alone without an ill possessed.
Then, as in death, His friend E'azer slept
In bitterness, the mourning Savior wept!
But when the grieving pressed that grave about
He called aloud, 'Thou Lazarus come out!'
And straight came he from out that rocky bed,
To walk and talk as though he'd not been dead;
Then prayed the Christ—standing the tomb anear—
'Father, I thank Thee Thou hast heard Me here,
That they who listen have a faith more clear.'

Now where a jewish wedding chanced to be,
There was the scenc of happy revelry;
The youthful bride to bridegroom's home was led,
For in his parents house must she be wed:
In long processions passed the party there!
The friends and neighbors bearing chaplets, where
Twined rose and myrtle; and neath torch's flare
Was seen all veiled—in clouds of filmy lace—
The bride's long flowing hair, and rosy face.

We learn of how, at joyous wedding feast
Spread out in Cana, was the Christ from least
Of guests unknown; yet with disciples He

Had at request joined there the company;
And soon His mother, learning how the wine
Had disappeared, feared they could not then dine
Without to drink; so importuned her Son
To serve the wine, or see that it be done.
Now though the Lord was loth to show His pow'r
Not deeming it the best and safest hour
Yet did He favor her and likewise show
His strength to His disciples, that they know
They had foundation for abiding faith;
To servants of the bridegroom, Jesus saith:
'Fill jars with water; fill them to the brim!'
And they obeying passed anear to Him
But took the vessels to the troubled host,
And he o'er-joyed with them, began to toast
The wedded pair; then boast how he reserved
The best of wine to be the last he served.

The Jesus did not scorn the sweet delights
Which human tastes require, nor lovely sights,
Nor joyous sounds as man's undoubted rights;
But sanctified He there a human love;
There smiled on marriage rite as from Above;
And there when psaltery, and sweet cornet
The tones of trumpet, harp and sacbut met,
He did not frown upon the simple pleasure,
Nor yet hold Euterpe's rhythmic measure,—
As won it dancing steps and happy song,—
Since there was in these things no grievous wrong.

As sat the Master at His meat one day,
There came the rabbi Jair, to of Him pray



Christ Healing the Sick

The life of his young daughter, said to be
In death's embrace; and, 'Doctors', sayeth he,
'Have done their best for her; have used the fat
Of serpent, brains of owl and eye of bat
Without avail.' And so he moaned and wept
Till Christ assured him how the maid but slept,
And bade him lead the way her bed beside:
When there He touched her eyes; they opened wide;
He touched her hands and said: 'My child arise!'
And she arose and cast off death's disguise.

And though Christ charged the parents
that they tell
Not one of what that day to them befell,
Yet soon the story spread till thought He best
To seek the trackless desert for a rest;
But eager throngs learned e'en of this retreat,
And cast themselves in pleading at His feet
Where they could hear His voice and see His face,
And beg a measure of His boundless grace.

Now soon that throng with human hunger
cried,
And with no human aid the Christ supplied,
From five small loaves and but two fish their need,
Then passed their midst when any praised the
deed,—
As turned He all that multitude away
And went alone upon the mount to pray.

With coming of the night a storm appeared,
And by the lightning's flash the darkness cleared

Till saw He fishermen upon the sea
With badly rocking ship; and straightway He
Went out to them despite or wave or storm;
But when the men had there espied the form
Of Jesus walking on the wave ancar,
Lest He be spirit, cried they out in fear.
'Be ye of cheer! 'the Jesus did reply;
'And be ye not afraid, for it is I!'
Now Simon Peter answered: 'Bid me then
Come out to Thee before these doubting men.'
The Lord said: 'Come!' and Peter trod the wave;
But sinking soon, he cried: 'I perish, save!'
Then laying hold on him Christ Jesus saith:
'And wherefore doubt, O thou of little faith?'

Another time from Simon's boat He taught
The people on the shore, and there besought
The multitudes to turn away from sin;—
A newer and a better life begin!
And on the restless throng there softly fell
The Master's gentle voice which did compel
A clearer vision of the Heav'nly way;—
Some hearts there were 'mong simple folk that day,
Evolved the dark to light; that light which fills
The shadowed life as warmest sunshine thrills
The forest gloom to gold; while hate and spite,
Are buried deep with grief of yesternight.

Christ ceased His teaching and then turn-
eth He
And said to Simon, 'Put ye out to sea

To cast your nets again', but Simon cried:
'All night have we among the breakers tried
And caught no fish!' yet sought they once more when
So heavy grew the nets that all the mer
Were needed there to bring them in again.
Then did those fishermen, in abject awe,
Cry out when this same miracle they saw,
'Thou art the Son of God!'—they first to be
Who recognized our Lord's divinity.

Christ teaching by the parable but sought
Those homely tales with vital purpose fraught:
Told how the vineyard's lord impartially
To each poor toiler gave an equal fee,
Which caused all those who bore the noontide heat,
To loudly murmur and of him entreat
A fair division of the time each spent,
Though even this gained not that lord's consent;
Now Jesus told of this but to repeat
His frequent warnings 'gainst a self-conceit,
And show how few indeed the chosen were
To all those called, and how He might prefer
The last as first when came the final day
To winnow from the wheat, the chaff away.

He told how shepherd would a-piping go
Abroad o'er mountain top, for ram or ewe
Astray from beaten path, while other fold,
The nine and ninety to the lion bold
Were left unguarded; how the sheep when found
And brought to fold again, made joy abound

Far more at last then all the goodly sheep
Which had the strength the homeward path to keep.

And so He showed who wanders from
the right,
From path of day, to one of evil night,
Will in the end, if turneth he from sin,
To Heavenly fold be gladly welcomed in;
And how the gospel teacher should not spend
All time expounding law to who attend
Upon his services, but from the street
Turn Homeward some lost pair of wand'ring feet.

Now once Christ spake in parable this wise:
"There lived a wayward son who did despise
His father's counsel, and did go afar
With all his store of wealth, and there unbar
The door of every vice till all was spent;
Then did his sated soul grow penitent,
And said he sadly, "I will rise and go
Back to my father that to him I show
My sorrow for the evil I have done,
And plead to he his servant, not his son!"
But did the father, with swift, joyful feet
Run forth afar, the prodigal to greet;
Then killed the fatted calf, and fed him well
And clothed his form. Christ showed how it befell
The sinful children of the Father who
Have strayed from Him the evil byways through:
Let one repent and see the Father's love
Go forth to meet him with the speed of dove;

The dark and ragged raiment he replaced
By robes of snow with every virtue graced;
New-filled the mind, the body and the soul
Till sin-sick prodigal again is whole!

Again in parable He told of those
Fair virgins ten, who once together chose
To set them forth, with swift and joyous feet
The coming bridegroom on the way to greet;
How five had trimmed their lamps and filled them,
yet
How other five this part did quite forget;
How all lay down and slept until he came
Then quickly wakened at his magic name;
How careful maidens did with bridegroom go
To eat the marriage feast, while those too slow,
The careless five, were left to grief and woe.

‘Therefore watch!’ said Christ, ‘for know
ye not when He,
The Son of Man shall come to waken thee;
And if the lamp of soul is, while ye sleep,
Untrimmed and empty, ye will wake to weep,
And wail and gnash your teeth that feast is spread
Beyond shut doors while ye remain unfed’.

Once more He spake, and said: ‘A sower
goes to sow
Upon the hills and in the vale below;
The precious seed, broadcasted all around,
If haply reaching to a fertile ground,

There will ye find a glorious yield abound;
Yet sterile soil there is within the vale
Where stones abound so thickly, crops will fail;
And so it is with man; the goodly seed
Seeks out the heart and whoso taketh heed,
Brings forth in act the Father's word each day;—
In souls that heedeth not, the seeds decay,
Or spring they up, to later, unawares
Choke out the wheat, and blossom forth in tares.'

And thus was lesson gained to shape our
deeds,
Since is the field the world, and goodly seeds
The King's own children here; while noxious weeds
Are acts of evil sprung; the harvest field
The end of all the world, wherein the yield
Is reaped at last by Angels, and the wheat
Is laid as tribute at the Father's feet.

Sought Christ to lead each soul to self
review,
As sayeth He, 'God's Kingdom is in you!'
And then when asked the chief of laws diverse,
He answered them in tender words, and terse,
'Love ye your God with mind and heart and soul!
This is the chief and yet is not the whole.'
Though pausing there, He added presently,
'Love neighbor as thyself and next to Me!'

He taught to guard the mouth, and so
beware
Of evil speech, since what proceeded there

Was but the index of the heart laid bare;
And sayeth He, 'May ye to others do
Just as ye would the multitude do you.'
Then showed He how, all might through kindly
deeds,
And through a faith e'en as the smallest seeds,
So build their lives that never need they be
Accursed of God as was the barren tree.

The throngs were warned against their idle
ways;
In this wise taught to spend their wasted days
Go work within My vineyard, for will you
Find there the harvest great, and lab'ers few.'

Then bade He them who were all sore
oppressed,
To come to Him and He would give them rest;
And to the multitudes who scarcely knew
If they were His, He cried: 'I say to you
Whoso denies Me here, he then will I
Before My Father's throne in Heav'n deny;
But he who doth confess Me, then will he
To God, the Father be confessed by Me.'

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF JESUS

*They that instruct many to justice shall shine through
all Eternity.*

CHRIST, all of wisdom, wisdom's Holy
fount,
Transfigured was upon lone Hermon's
mount.

With his disciples He had gone up there,
From out the world to regions brown, and bare
For sweet communion with His God in pray'r.
His saintly face a wondrous halo bore,
—And for the first, the nimbus Jesus wore—
As all about Him shone a mystic light,
Which turned to day the darkness of that night;—
Then Moses and Elias did appear,
And from the clouds came unto Him so near,
They walked with Him and held a converse sweet,
As though they did the Father's words repeat.

Now John and James and Peter on their
knees,
In silent awe had viewed those mysteries;
Yet Christ assured them all indeed was well.
And as from Heaven a solemn voice there fell,
Upon their ears distinctly —every one—
'Well pleased am I in My beloved Son,'
They knew how they were chosen, each as friend,
Upon His sacred steps to thus attend,

High Heaven's acknowledgement to hear and see,
That they might love the more His ministry.

Now ere the Lord was come from off that
height,
Impulsive Peter cried: 'I would we might
Build here at once, of tabernacles three,—
All fair, of wondrous size; one each,' said he,
'To Moses and Elias and to Thee.'
But Jesus bade them tell not what was said
And done that day, till rose He from the dead.

As Christ descended from that mountain
waste,
Mid sand hills dun, mid thorns that interlaced,
Mid sylyan solitudes in autumn shade,
Where falling leaves a golden carpet made,
Perceived He aught of lovely sapphire sky,
And did He see the fleecy clouds scud by?
Did He descry the wild swans sailing south,
With note of lamentation in each mouth?
Or read He secrets of that country whence
All come to earth but for a span, and thence,
Do soon return again that others may
But tread the same, the natural, human way?

If saw and thought He thus, —or yes or
no—
He gave attention to distress and woe,
As halted He,—a tortured infant blest
By driving out the demons it possessed;

And showing thus, how though so weary He
Forgot Himself in man's infirmity.

Now mothers brought their infants to
His knees,
And His disciples thinking Him to please,
Rebuked them sharply that they came so near;
But as the children shrank away in fear
Christ took them in His arms, and sayeth He,
'Suffer the little ones to come to Me;
Forbid them not for such God's Kingdom is,
And those unlike can not be known as His.'

About this time, the twelve insistently
Desired to know the one of them to be
His next in power when He should rule as King;—
Attempted He to ease that jealous sting,
As to His side He brought a little child,
And said to them, 'Live ye thus undefiled,
As simply, righteously, and then will ye
Receive your just reward, whate'er it be'.

Soon sent He these same trusted twelve
away,
And bade them thus: 'Demand not any pay,
Nor carry purse nor yet a fresh attire,
Since man who toils is worthy of his hire.'
'Go not,' He said, 'to alien camp to teach,
But rather seek your countrymen to reach;
—Those sons of Juda, those poor wand'ring sheep,
That in the fold of Satan are asleep—



The Transfiguration

Then pause to cleanse the leper, and to heal
All stricken ones, be they untrue or leal;
Enlarge man's faith by raising up the dead,
Nor cease to work till earth to Heav'n be wed.
Give ear to any whom My pardon sues,
And whosoever sins ye here shall loose,
So shall they be in Heaven; and will ye find
That bound hereafter shall be those ye bind.'

CLEANSING OF THE EVIL WOMAN

*Turn ye to Me and I will turn to you, saith the Lord.
Turn ye from your evil ways and from your wicked
thoughts.*

WHILE once Christ sat at meat with pharisee,
His startled host was much chagrined to see,
A public woman,—poor, despisèd thing—
Cross o'er his guarded threshold and then
fling

Herself upon her knees at Jesus' feet;
And from her lowly, penitential seat,
To wash those blessed feet with scalding tears,
And wipe them with her hair, while seemed her fears
Of what the Lord might say to one so low,
Made her each moment to more timid grow;
But when He did not speak, she prayed that this
Was not an angry sign that tears and kiss
Upon His feet so lavished were amiss.

So forth she brought her alabaster box,
Nor waiting it to ope by keys and locks,
She forced the lid and showered sweet perfume
Upon those feet, till all the lofty room
Was filled with odors of the spikenard;
Nor did Christ seek to hinder or retard,
Expressions thus of penitent regard,
Since He could understand the silken snares
Which caught her youthful heart all unawares;—

If 'twere Ambition's smile, or Love's sweet ray,
Or Flattery that paved the scorching way. !

Christ noted Simon's disapproving glance,
Which coldly seemed to say, 'This circumstance
Is strange indeed, for I have deemed Thee pure;
And yet such glaring wrongs wilt Thou endure.'
Then as those frowns and glances darker grew,
The Lord said: 'Simon I would speak with you:
There lived a man of justice wondrous great;—
Two men were debtors to the one's estate,
In different sums, yet both forgiv'n were;
Now which will love and which remember
The creditor the more?' 'Why, I infer,'
Quoth Simon, 'who the more indebted was.'
'Ay,' answered Christ, 'and this poor woman has
Both washed and kissed My stained and toil-worn
feet,
And hath annointed them with unguent sweet,
Not only showing how she doth repent
But giving all as silent testament
Of love devout; the while that Simon, you
Gave Me not kiss, nor rose, nor yet the rue,
As simple honors to all guests their due.'

Then turning to the kneeling woman, He
Said: 'Go thy way; thy faith reclaimeth thee!'

True had this woman been an evil sprite;—
Her beauty, charming manner, wondrous bright
And sparkling wit had lured the sterner sex

Athwart the narrow path their souls to vex!
Ay, many treasures of lord and king
Had emptied quickly, that their owners bring
To her false feet the wealth of universe,
But to receive, when all had done, her curse
That stores of gold and jewels—howe'er vast—
In hands thus prodigal had failed to last.

As passed she from Christ's presence
thankful tears
Bedimmed her eyes; quite gone the smile that seers
Fair youthful beauty and her purity!
Who met the woman, turned about to see
If they might learn why she was now rejoiced;
The while sweet nature sang,—a thousand-voiced,
Great hallelujahs with the hosts Above
O'er one lost sheep found through the Shepherd's
love.

She knew the gall below the bubbles red,
And knew where evil pleasures always led;
So forth she went Christ's blessed words to teach;
All who were sin-accursed she sought to reach
Through her sad knowledge; counseling how they
Might be set free, if minded to obey
His blest commands; and then she taught how He
Who touched the Savior's garments, might soon be—
As she became,—from sin and sorrow free.

As unto children, did the Jesus show
Great pity for those, the gentler sex, and though

The world accused, condemned and would have
stoned

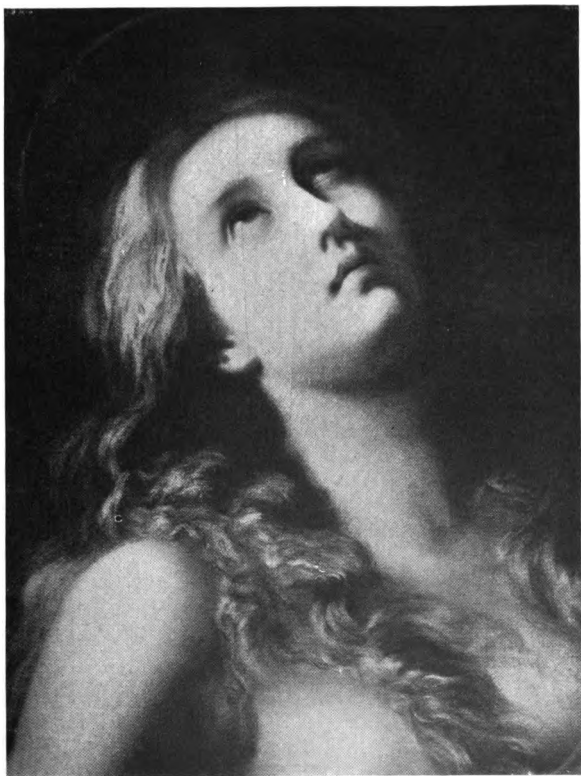
This erring woman, He her fault condoned.
When once men bade Him pass such sentence He
But wrote upon the ground so silently,
That they accosted Him in louder tone,
To hear Him say, 'He first shall cast a stone,
Who ever liveth, with no taint of sin.'
'Twas passing strange how no one did begin
The harsh chastisement, but soon turned away,
With spent desire to push the brutal fray.

When all had left except the woman He,
The Christ had said, 'And none condemmeth thee?'
'No one, My Lord.' she meekly did reply.
Then softly answered He, 'No more do I'.
He saw her penitence, and seeing lo!
He cleansed her soul of guilt and bade her go.

This evil woman who had been enticed
To house of Pharisee to seek the Christ,
That she her sins might lay down at His feet,
And there beseech a pardon free and sweet,
Hath been, without a doubt all wrongly named;
And hath the tale been garbled, till 'tis claimed
That Mary, of Magdala, Jesus' friend
Was once this woman of an evil trend:
It were a sacrilege to think it so!
For never one who could have sunk so low,
Was blest with that fine nature which could be
A comrade after, to Christ's purity.

Though true how He forgave, and true she rose
From vilest depths, she could not rise to those
Far, snowy heights, where others,—pure and sweet—
Have ever kept through life their faithful feet.
We cry out 'gainst this tale; what pity! came
To be applied a blessed woman's name
To denizen of vice and hopeless shame?

Mary, the friend of Christ, we learn was she
Possessed by devils of insanity;
So thankful she for cure, that evermore
She followed Jesus that she might adore;
—Sometimes from far, sometimes anear—as He
Would have her do—but ever faithfully.



A Penitent Woman

JERUSALEM

And I will lay it waste: it shall not be pruned nor digged; but there shall come up briars and thorns.

FROM Mount of Olives did one gain a view
(When Jesus passed the chosen country
through)

Of that loved spot, the Mecca of the Jew.
There storied dome and pinnacle sublime,
Were for Jerusalem, when in her prime,
The merest atom of the swelling horde
Of wealth and might within her vision stored
O Holy city of proud Israel!
Where priest and prophet ever loved to dwell;
The beaming star, to which the great, the mean
Turned eager eyes, as subjects to their queen.

Jerusalem, that ancient, hallowed spot!
To live within her walls a blessed lot:
No ghastly dead within her confines lay
Beyond the set of sun; and to obey
Her laws in full, no garden spot, no smoke;
No biddy provident with vicious stroke
To turn defiling worms; no leprous one,
No loathsome beggar, and of heathen none
E'er tarried there, so blest and guarded she!—
From insects, serpents and disorders free.
No sacrificial fire e'er quenched by rain;
No vermin e'er defiled the victim slain,

And through the temple none might pass till he
Was by the bath from all uncleanness free.

Within that view were mountains, cliffs
and vales

All o'erswept gently by the southern gales;
There poised the eagle in the blue above,
With watchful eye—that held a greedy love—
Bent searchingly upon the near by fold
As doth a miser view his shining gold;
And there the ox, with creaking plow uprolled
The mellow soil; or till the eve from morn
The harvesters mowed down the yellow corn.

There on Mount Zion—hateful to the eyes—
Jews saw the palace of the Herod rise;
With blossom bordered stream, by captive made;
With wood and garden spot of dreamy shade;
With pink flamingo boldly wading out,
In eager search of possible small trout;
There bird of paradise, in graceful pose
Outvying color scheme of blushing rose,
While finch and lark and linnet in the trees,
Unreaved in joy their tuneful melodies;
There crocus, lily and acanthus rare
Shed dainty perfume on the morning air,
Where golden bowl and wall of gems outshone
The guarded beauties of the temple throne;
There blue and crimson brodered curtains spread
To hide the passage, which in mazes led,
To where that ruler had his couch of rest,

And where he banquetted with bidden guest,
Neath snowy roof with lotus overlaid,
Wrought deftly out in lazuli and jade;
Where lattice oped to jasmine-laden air,
And view was had to country far and fair.

There to horizon 'gainst the deep blue sky
Mount Moab in his grandeur won the eye;
There off to sunset lay white, hidden sands—
There shores Levantine, great encircling bands,
Around the ships in harbors safe at rest
From journeys lately made to fabled west.

When Christ from Olive looked upon that
plain
Did He foresee the sorrow and the pain,
The scourging and the taunts, the cross and thorn
Planned by His people in their hate and scorn?

Howe'er that be the gentle Master's heart
Flowed o'er with thoughts from His own life apart;
Despised, forsaken and rejected, yet
His soul was weighed by sorrow and regret,
As fair Jerusalem from off that height,
A city beautiful lay just in sight:
The snowy temple, with its roof of gold
Which did enchant who did its dome behold—
Stood out so brilliantly He need to screen
His blinded eyes from that too dazzling scene.
Regret He felt was not in selfishness;
His heart was sad because of that distress

He for the city felt in coming years,
Till o'er her fate He wept those bitter tears,
And lifting up His voice, aloud He cried
Against her sins of arrogance and pride;

‘To thee, Jerusalem, thou loved one woe!
Ye are indeed to reap as now ye sow;
How often to My breast in shelter I
Had gathered all thy sons in safety nigh,
As gathereth the hen her helpless brood,
But thou didst cling to thy rebellious mood;
How do I sorrow at thine evil state—
Thine house to thee shall yet be desolate!
As once proud tree—the monarch of the wood—
Thou hast through years in haughty grandeur stood!
But as that tree—before thou art aware—
A bolt from Heaven shall strip and leave thee bare!

How truly He foretold is not denied,
For priests who then reviled and crucified
As chattels far from home debased the pride;
Those palaces, with wealth and beauty filled
Are heaps of stones; and all the fields then tilled
—To give abundant measures of the grain—
Have turned to primitive estates again,
While cities everywhere throughout the land
Have sunk to ruin as the shifting sand.

Now great the preparations through the
land

Whene'er was sacred festival at hand;
The sacrificial ox by pilgrim tolled,
Displayed an olive wreath on horn of gold,
And heaps of snowy doves on dangling string
Were always carried for burnt offering;
And so with song and chant and trappings gay
The worshippers to feast pursued their, way!

O, wondrous time! O, fulness of the feast,
Whene'er it fell, from north, from south, from east
And e'en from o'er the sea the people came;
—The well, the strong, the feeble, sick and lame—
With joyous hearts, in sight of temple crest
Spread out their tents to worship and to rest;
And as they sought the shrine, the priests in white
Came forth to meet them with a grave delight,
For love of show and mystery prevailed
With all the dire effects such rites entailed!

For certain feast the yearly time was come,
And in Jerusalem a mighty hum
Of voices strange, from out each sep'rate state,
Rose on the air as into every gate
There poured the multitudes in columns long;
Now one of these—it was a special throng
Which carried waving palm tips, while the song
“Hosannah to the King!” filled all the air,—
Had caused 'mong priests a wondrous stirring there,
As viewed they all the crowds, and saw how they

With abbas decked a colt and fondly lay
Their cloaks and coats athwart the Rider's way;
Yet when they saw the Man—an humble one—
Who a donkey rode—as common wights
had done,—

They jerred and scoffed and cried: 'We've often seen
This strange blaspheming dog, the Nazarene!'

But Christ into the temple went and there
Did He against the acts of priests declare;
As saw He court all filled with pens of sheep
For sacrifice, and rising heap on heap
The wares for sale; the while the passer by,
For nearer route, dared tread the altar nigh:
He leveled booth and table to the ground.
And bade the laden porter pass around
As straight did He from temple courts outcast
Each piece of merchandise, e'en to the last.

The priests were black with anger when
they saw
The gentle Nazarene construe the law;
And said they—soon in councils secretly—
'This Man doth now defy our laws, since He
Doth heal and bless upon the Sabbath day;
If thwart we not such evil deeds He may
Bring doubt and disrepute upon us all.'
So voice unanimous within that hall
Was, 'Let us take this Man they call the Christ—
Upon the cross must He be sacrificed!'
Yet from their midst the Savior quietly
Passed safely out to friends in Bethany.

Thou Bethany, a peaceful spot of rest!
And home of Lazarus, the very best:
A wide, white, paven court with trellised vines
Through which the noonday sun all softly shines;
Where gay acanthus and the citron shed
Their dainty perfumes round; where fish are fed
Within their marble fonts, while overhead
The linnet and the swallow, in and out,
In haste to build their nests flit there-about.

Now though the Lord had wondrous
vigor, still
He often found His o'er-taxed form and will
In pain refusing His desires to fill;
At intervals He felt such need of rest,
That gladly did He go as chosen guest
Of this same Lazarus, who sold his all,
And spent it for the poor, that to the call
His blessed Master gave he might respond;
Then other reasons strengthened that sweet bond:
An open tomb, empty and silent, where
Once lay the Lazarus, with glassy stare
In half-oped eyes; and spicy fold on fold
Of wrappings, strange around his body cold:
Then tender voice of One, the Great and Wise—
Bidding him live and straightway to arise.

So to Lazarus and sisters—trusty friends—
We find the Lord in sorrow often wends;
On one of these occasions He commends
Fair Mary more than Martha, that she lends

The more of time to learning Holy laws;
Yet fretful Martha frowns and scolds because,
The while she must the household serving do,
Her sister doth the search for Truth pursue;
Yet when she begged that Christ her sister chide,
He said to her, 'Tis well to lay aside
The dark and tangled threads by worry spun,
To grasp as Mary has, the Golden one.'

Each time, in Bethany, His friends would
fain

Have had Him longer with them to remain,
That He new stores of health and strength attain!
Yet to Jerusalem turned He His way,
When He had rested there on night or day;
And when arrived, into the temple He
Went publicly, as though the enemy
Had not with threats compelled Him thence to flee.

But let us pause to look that temple o'er;—
A thing of beauty from the dome to floor:
Red-vein'd, milky stone and ebony
All carved to things of beauty o'er the sea;
The statues were of golden grapes composed,—
Each bunch the form of man in beauty posed,
While here and there rose alabaster stair
With which none other known could then compare;
Then ark, and cherubim and alter high;—
And purple veil which let no layman by
Not even priest, except the highest lest
All learn the secret of the Holiest!

The people swarmed upon those temple
floors—

They came to hear the lowly Man in scores,
Till all the space was filled e'en to the doors:
Then sought the priests with questions to confuse,
With hope that they through such an evil ruse
Would gain some evidence whereby to cause
Christ's overthrow, through blasphemy of laws.

Each separate query Jesus turned on them;
And did through parable their lives condemn,
His righteous wrath—like to a scorching flame—
In words burst forth, to bring them fear and shame:
'Woe unto you!' He cried, 'ye hypocrites!
Ye scribes and pharisees! for is it writ
That as the whited tombs without are ye
When black within from foul iniquity!
Then warned He them how He should come as fall
Of swiftest lightning, seen and known to all;
Take heed!' quoth He, 'the hour ye shall not know,—
Or noon, or midnight, or the morning glow!

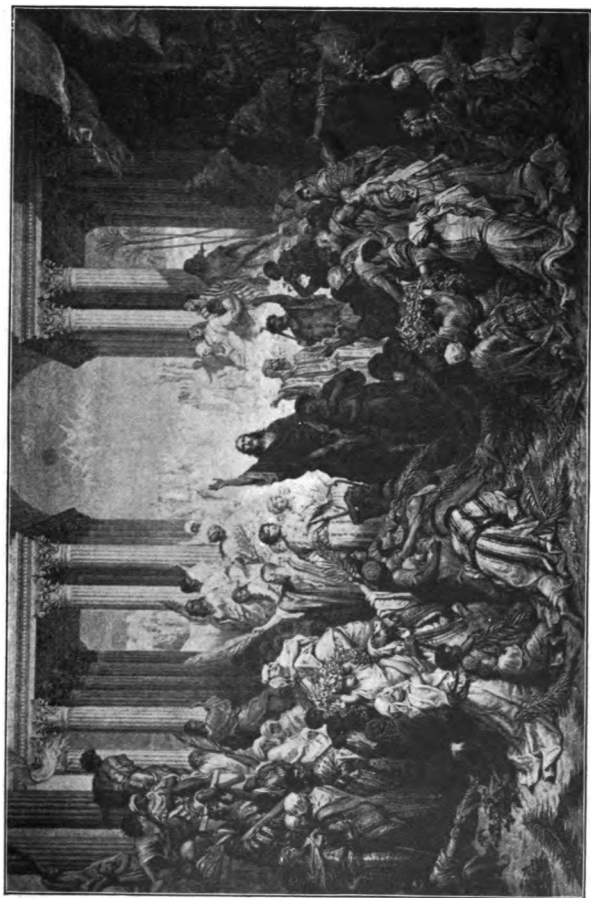
Now soon disciples came, insisting He
Should name the one of them who finally
Would be the first in His new Kingdom, when
He should declare it to the world of men;
But sadly did the Master answer then:
'My Kingdom is not earth; no crown of king
May deck my brow, except the one ye bring
To rest thereon in scorn; nor have I sword
To steep in crimson waves, the Holy word;

I battle not save for men's souls, and I
Would win through love the Word to glorify.'

'Who doth exalt himself, then he of you
Shall there become as one I never knew!
And why dispute ye here for worldly gain
When seemeth it unto you ever plain
How foxes have their holes, the bird its nest
Yet Son of Man hath never place to rest;—
The dust My cot, a lowly dwelling place,
Used by the meanest of My native race'.

'But as the grain must fall and perish there
To bring new harvest time, so I prepare
The way for peace, by losing peace through strife;
The way for life anew by losing life.'
Then gazed He sadly into blue afar
And spoke as though He talked with hidden star:
'Thy name, My Father, I have made it known
To all the world, and many are there grown
To now believe that Thou hast sent Me here,
To make Salvation's way more plain and clear;
And as the priest, and yet the Sacrifice,
I pray Thee, Father let the awful price
I pay for sinful man, still purify
The countless ages as they hurry by.'

Then prayed He for disciples; 'They
are mine
And since I am of Thee, they too are Thine.
Send forth Thy Comfort, to uphold, I pray,
And give humility in Thine own way.'



Jerusalem

Christ having prayed thus, washed the
feet of those,
The twelve disciples; so it was He chose
To teach them how no selfish one were great,
No matter what his name or his estate.

There came a night, the last it was to be
Spent there with friends in well loved Bethany;
That eve in Bethany, the stone built town:
The grass and foliage of green and brown
Shone silver here and there beneath the moon;
There all was push and hurry, for so soon
A company would gather round to humbly greet
Their Savior and their Lord whose weary feet
Turned thitherward that eve from angry horde;—
That last sweet visit there! when Mary poured
Upon Him spikenard and there adored
Before them all her Master and her Guide;
Nor seemed one to object till Judas cried:
'Why minister to any human pride?
That precious oil would bring a goodly price!
'But,' quoth the Master, 'She the Sacrifice
Doth now annoint;' but surly sneering frown
The Judas wore, and as the dark drew down
The faithless servant slipped away from them,
And hasting 'lone to near Jerusalem,
He there betrayed his Master's life, though why,
we may
Not ever know until the Judgment day.

Next morn the Savior sought the temple
where
He taught till eve the throngs assembled there;
And then departed He from out that door
Never again to tread upon that floor!
Soon sought He Mount of Olives, and could see
Anear to him the vale Gethsemane;
And high on hill rose bare Golgotha's head,
Where many men had made their dying bed!
Antonia's tow'r stood out a crimson pyre;
And there the temple dome was burnished fire
In setting sun; while arching rainbow hung
Its span o'er Kedron's stream, as twilight swung
Grey lengthening shadows 'cross the near by vale,
Where balsams waved and gardens greening lay
And palms sent up their plumes to fan the gay
Mad crowds assembled there, at Roman meet,
To see some win the bout; some learn defeat
In death and darkness at their masters' feet,

These things saw Jesus, yet He did not see
Aught save Jerusalem, as sadly He
Communed with Self, of her, thus solemnly:
'Thine enemies will compass thee around;
And will infest and raze thee to the ground;
Then all the hosts of Heaven will combine
To cover with thy ruins, thee and thine.'

The humble soul of Christ, once bright,
serene
Soon grew submerged in shadow, and 'twas seen

By those, His followers how He became;
Still more reserved, as neared He death and shame;
Yet mingling mortal thoughts of human king
With His Divinity, did they still cling
To hope that some day—possibly anear—
He would a mighty kingdom 'stablish here.

THE WORLD'S MOST REMARKABLE FEAST

I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to Me shall not hunger, and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst.

NOW fell it when the Paschal day had come,
Christ sent disciples forth to seek for some
Remote and quiet room, where He might
meet

The twelve again and with them once more eat
The yearly sacrifice, ere came the hour
When cross and thorn should be His bitter dow'r.

That room of rooms! how simple was its
style;

A poor man's house; a common plastered pile
Of sun-dried bricks; with guest room overhead
To which they all by Peter soon were led
By steep and narrow mount; yet when within,
They found the homely place had lately been
With every table service well supplied;
With jars of water fresh; with couches wide
Where revelers were wont to take their ease;
Though there was none of joyousness in these
Plain simple followers of Jesus Christ;
In homage to the gift then sacrificed,
And through their love of Him, they gathered there—
—Or all save one, who for Him planned death's
snare—

That thirty silver pieces, red with stain
Of His betrayal, he the paltry gain.

There was within that room an unasked
guest
Which entered through the casement from the west;
A guest, magnificent, so rich and grand
That he was welcomed into every land;
The greatest king had sued his pleasant smile,
His royal company, and all the while
Strewed grass, and bloom and dewy incense sweet
Wherever fell his majesty's swift feet;
This guest unbidden—although welcomed in
Was dyed a crimson hue as though for sin
Was he this hour a bleeding sacrifice
Served up without the bitter herbs and spice.
With Cylopean eye he stopped to gaze
Upon the company and send his rays
On that sweet face and gild the silken hair
Of lowly Nazarene, who did prepare
The feast with His own hands upon the board;—
There setting forth the meat, the herbs, and hoard
Of fruits and acids mixed to represent
The mortar binding Jews in banishment.

Since they were Jesus' guests it were but
meet
When He had done to wash the weary feet
Of all the twelve—e'en those from off the street
Which led from where the silver pieces came;
The swart, hard face of Judas grew to flame
When Jesus knelt beside him, yet he dared
Make not a sign lest secret sin be bared.

Christ Jesus blest the bread and calmly
gave
Of it to all, not missing any save
Himself who would not eat, He softly said
Till in God's Kingdom He anew be fed.
Then unto them, as all more quiet grew,
'This is My body which I give to you;
And this,' He added, as the cup He filled,
'Is Mine own blood for your redemption spilled;
As oft as this ye do then will it be
A sweet commemoration unto Me.
There cometh one among you to betray
Your Lord and Master to the cross this day,
And better were it for this one, I say
Had he not known his wretched hour of birth
For shall he be accursed upon the earth.'
'O Master, is it I?' cried loyal John
Who leaned his head the breast of Christ upon.
'Or is it I?' 'Or I?' asked eagerly
Those other ten from guiltiness quite free.

But when the Lord had left with them
no doubt
Of who he was; the traitor hurried out,
While those then left—yet twelve—in that small
room
Were so bowed down by sense of awful doom,
That solemnly together they then sang
A psalm or two to ease the soul's dread pang.

And as they turn to view again that scene
No marvel is there, men believe thirteen

Unlucky number for who ever sat
At festive board of it; and more than that
Death—sad, untimely, and perchance by plot—
Must surely fall the diner's dreaded lot.

The Jesus bade disciples that with Him
They tread those halls and passages but dim,
To leave that room grown mournful to their sight;
Nor noted they how dusky robes of night
Were broidered by the stars, each dazzling gem
As jewel from Jehovah's diadem;
Nor yet how Pleiades with gentle eyes
Sat sympathizingly in zenith skies;—
Nor that the wind seemed hushed as thinking how
He tenderly might fan that fevered brow.

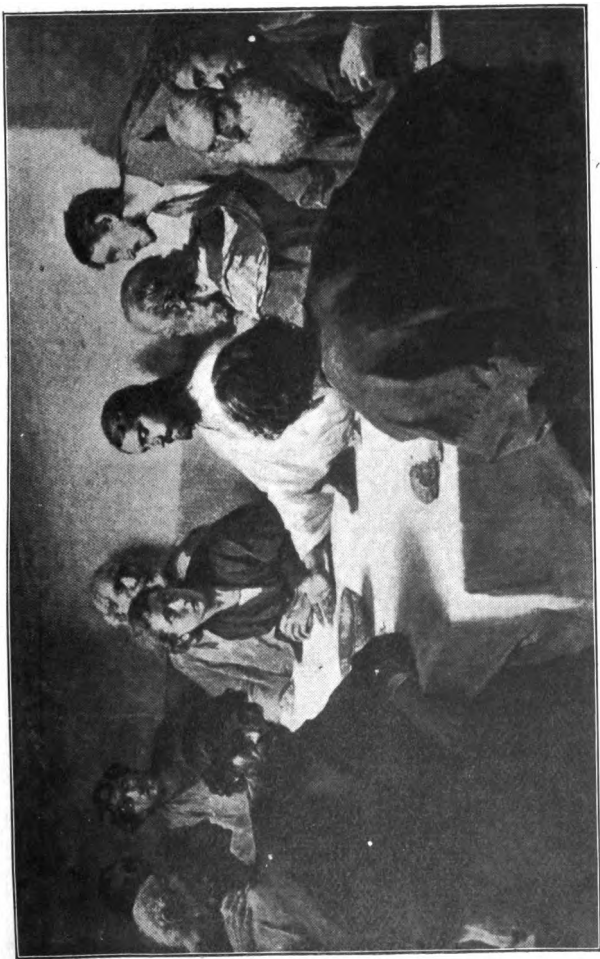
Our Lord, in silence, crossed the near
ravine,
Through which the Kedron, gold-brown hills be-
tween—
Had ages flowed in solemn quiet there;
—A fitting witness to a soul's despair!—
The shades which fell from Mount of Olive trees,
And dismal moaning of the winter's breeze,
Had made that grove a weird, uncanny place
But for the radiance of One sweet face.

There Jesus sat Him down beneath the
trees
With those eleven ranged about His knees;
All by their sorrow held there silently,—

Though looking to the city they could see
The temple court all lighted yet with glow
Of sacrificial fire; and there below,
The shields and helmets of the picket shine
—In red and golden light—a brilliant line;
The noise came up as droning hum of bee
Split throng by curlew wail of misery,—
All sights and sounds but seeming poisoned darts
Of mockery to pierce their aching hearts.

Yet while Christ's soul was bowed beneath
its load,
New strength on His disciples He bestowed
In these plain words to live Himself in lieu:
'As loves my Father Me, so love I you;
And what ye ask, be it in mine own name,
In faith believing, ye shall have that same.
As sent my Father Me, so send I you
With powers manifold, though numbers few
I go,' He said, 'where ye can not now go,
But to that place whereof ye all do know,
And soon to you I promise will be sent
A Comforter, the true Enlightenment.'

'I bade you once to go out unprepared;
To preach the Word ye went and ye were spared;
But changed conditions now (His words were terse)
Exchange your coats for swords—take bread and
purse;
And whereso-e'er ye may hereafter go
Defend yourselves against a hostile foe;



The Last Supper

Still do your duty, and be brave and strong;
That faint ye not although the way be long;
Remember ye the widow and that she
Gained all she asked through importunity,
And if ye push your quest, and do not shirk
Then will the Father bless you in your work.'

The Savior told them He would meet them,
when

From out the grave He should arise again;
That He would seek once more the Galilee,
Since they had nobly been beside that sea
In labor, helpful comrades constantly.

Sore grieved were they when said He,
'Now although

Ye swear me friendship, soon the wrath of foe
Will turn your constancy to doubt and woe.
And ye will flee away from Me and hide,
While I your Lord am being crucified.'
'No, no!' cried Simon Peter, 'though all men
Desert Thee Lord, yet will I surely then
Display my loyalty close by Thy side.'
'I would not thee condemn,' the Lord replied,
'And yet I say the cock will no more crow,
Till thou My loved desiple, thou wilt show
—Through Satan who will then thy love entice—
Thy faith in Jesus by denying thrice.'

He told them that their Savior need to die
Yet death's destruction He could still defy;

And did He promise—to their great surprise—
That in three days He secretly would rise.
Then speaking softly as though from afar:
‘The Vine I am and ye the branches are;
My peace I leave with you; My peace I give
To your sore-troubled hearts while yet ye live;
I go from here to make a place for you,
That where I am there ye may follow too.’

THE BETRAYAL

And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of Him whom they prized of the children of Israel.

IN meditation sat the Savior long;
And then as though aroused by temple song,
And show and glitter there, thus sayeth He,
To John and James and Simon, 'Take I ye
To go apart with Me awhile to pray.'
But presently He left those three, and they
Could see Him there alone in attitude
Of sweet humility as though He sued
His Father's help in this infirmity.

Could any weakness in such pure life be?
Did grey despair kill hope? did no white star
Beacon for Him life's night from gates ajar,
And did the promised Angels fail till He
Had oftener suffered death's intensity?

Now though He bade disciples watch
and pray,
Lest great temptation steal their hearts away,
Yet none of vigil could they seem to keep,
Falling at once to negligence and sleep.

And after praying Christ returned to find
The three to sight and sound were deaf and blind;
He wakened them as moaned He, 'Could not ye
But for one little hour still watch with me?'

Again He left and to His pray'rs returned;
Then presently, as though He for them yearned,
He from devotion rose and came once more
To find them sleeping as the time before;
Still once again He went to pray alone
And on that mountain threw His body prone,—
The pray'r He uttered one submissive moan!

'Twas past the midnight in Jerusalem,
When last He called the three, and went to them;
Asleep were they neath great passover moon,
Without a sigh for Him who would so soon
To waiting cross be led, the while that they,
Were left alone to fight life's bitter fray.

And though they lay in slumber's arms
fast bound,
While drops of bloody sweat upon the ground
Fell off the Savior's form, He did not break
Their slumbers; saying, 'Sleep ye on and take
Some rest before that hour which is to make
Your shame and sorrow as the dark profound.'
Now deeper grew the shades upon the ground,
And on the burdened air did Jesus hear
The tramp of many feet approaching near.

As His deciples woke they heard a kiss,
And quickly rising they inquired, 'Who's this?'
Then Judas cried: 'Hail, Master! is it thou?'
Which to the soldiers meant, 'Now, take Him now!'
But when those men of Caesar came too near

The rash old Peter cut himself an ear;
Yet Christ rebuking him for such mad deed,
Restored the member ere the wound could bleed.
And then to Judas turning sayeth, 'Pray
Why dost thou Me, with kiss, to these betray?'
And then of soldiers asketh, 'Whom seek ye?
The Nazarene? Then take Me; I am He.
Permit the others though to pass ye by.'
Then softly prayeth He, 'My Father I
Have till this bitter struggle lost to thee,
Not one of all the twelve thou gavest me!'

How pitiful indeed, that closing scene!
And sorrowful that burdened heart I ween,
As fled His followers the while that He
Was led before the judges, there to be
By many tongues deceitfully accused;
Though high priest Annas in a fear refused
To question Jesus, and was glad to send
Him straightway to Caiaphas to defend,
Himself alone, ere He was hurried next
To crafty Pilate, who but seemed sore vexed,
That to a roman be assigned such task;
And hence to Herod sent that judge to ask
That he pass sentence on the Jewish Man;
But soon returned to him, the answer ran:
'It seemeth that—the case is very clear—
You Pilate, you must sit in judgement here!'

But let us pause to view that judgement
hall,
Where came the judge at Sanhedrin's mad call,

To try the Jesus for no greater wrong
Than teaching Truth to lowly Hebrew throng:
In rare mosaic were those agate floors;
There pictured walls and ornate sandal doors;
There columns lazuli and stately stairs,
With labarinthine passages for snares;
From bubbling fountains purling waters leaped;
From niche and cornice, statues slyly peeped,
As though they all would see the guiltless One
Have ready justice at that trial done.

The judge's chair—bequeathed by kings
of old—
Was one of art, wrought out in shining gold,
And gems and ivory of worth untold;
While costly rugs in Ind and Persia made
On that dais were thickly overlaid;
Above which beauties, there was seen displayed
A ceiling blue where brilliant stars reposed
In grand celestial mimicry disposed.

But lest that hall defile the priests, the
chair
And signs of office on the pavement bare,
Were all set forth at rising of the sun,
Now custom long had been, to give to one
A pardon for his sins, before had done
The rites and pleasures of the Paschal day;
And that they make the choice in their own way
The Roman judge had asked in language brief,—
'Shall this Man go, or yet Barabbas, thief?'

In one united voice there came the cry:
'Give Jesus to the cross! Him crucify!'

To Jesus turned the judge as questioned he:
'Who art thou Man? Knowest I govern Thee?'
In gentle scorn thus answereth the Lord,
'The power thou hast the Father doth award,
And so thy sin is measured in accord.'
Now Pilate had some fear that stricken One
Was what He claimed to be—the Father's Son,—
Yet was the will of Caesar such that he
Must pacify the priestly, lest should be
Uprising there, and yet did he declare:
'Ye treat this One accused nor right, nor fair,
Since He hath not a fault; therefore prepare
To go your ways, and leave Him here to me,
To have Him scourged and then to set Him free.'

Uprose the rabbis; then asunder tore
Their sacred garments, while they fiercely swore
That Jesus did a great sedition brew,
Therefore to Caesar was the judge untrue.
'Thou darest not,' they cried, 'thy king defy;
So give Him here that we may crucify!'

Then Pilate washed his hands the throng
before:
He rubbed and scoured them long, yet more and
more
The stains of wrong stood out; the water grew
All red and slimy to the judge's view;

Then turned he to the throngs and said, 'On you
Be this Man's blood.' 'On us be it, ay, ay
And ever on our children too!' they cry.

So forth they brought the Lord in dreadful
plight;
We shrink in pain, as mentally the sight
Appears of that just Man—whose every act
Was love itself—in hatred thus attacked.

Before the crucifixion did they scourge
The Innocent, with noise of lash for dirge
To that sad, final hour so soon to come;
And though His awful agony was dumb,
Through all that throng, distinctly there was heard
The lashes, numb'ring thousands, which occurred,
So rapidly as thus the ancient knout,
In hands of brutal strength, whirled in and out!

Men heaped upon the Lord a mean disgrace;
They buffeted and smirched His sacred face,
And dressed in soldier's cloak to mimic king,
He carried scepter and a monarch's ring;
While rubied with the precious blood He shed,
There lay a crown of thorns upon His head;
And though He spoke not, by the lights there in,
Those gentle, azure eyes rebuked that sin.

Now when the Lord was free, that He
might give
Relief to all, the throngs desired He live;

But when He fell no more to rise, then He
Found all His ardent friends but wished to flee;
Though John and Peter, for a time were near
Yet Peter soon deserted through His fear,
And when accused by that mad, surging crowd
Of being Christ's disciple, he avowed
That no true friend was he, and knew Him not;
So how could he be party to the plot
Of Nazarene; and thrice had he said, 'No!'
When shrill and clear there came the lusty crow
Of barnyard cock to herald coming dawn;
Again denials from his lips were drawn,
While stronger oaths attached themselves this time
To dark disloyalty's unholy crime;
Yet when Christ gazed within his cringing eyes,
The gentle look made Peter to despise
His evil act, and caused him thence to flee,
In sorrow weeping o'er his falsity.

In penitence, the Judas sought again
The crafty priests and to those cruel men
Returned the price of hire, with hope to stay
The eager hands which waited there to slay;
But failing this, in bitterness he fled
To seek forgetfulness among the dead.

'Twas near Golgotha's rocky, barren knoll
That Judas gave to judgment his false soul;
There on a lone old tree his body hung,
And to and fro in winter breezes swung;
No requiem, no chant was for him sung,

But he as traitor met a justice true,
Despised alike by Christian and by Jew.

The query rises, why was Jesus sold?
Did Judas barter through his love of gold,
Or did he seek position at the hand
Of temporal king who might rule the land?
Or rather did he only wish to show
That none his Master's strength could overthrow?

THE DEATH OF JESUS THE CHRIST

He hath poured out His soul unto death; and He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for their transgressions.

NOW parted they the raiment of our Lord,
And cast they lot for vestment in accord
With Jewish prophecy of ancient time:
And then as though in punishment for crime,
They on His shoulders laid the heavy tree,
Which was so soon His dying bed to be.

Oft Jesus sank beside the weary way,
Till lagged the hours to those who wished to slay;
But seeking mid the throng they found at last
An alien Jew to whom there was made fast
The mammoth cross, and then with joyous tread
Onward the priests to blood-stained Calv'ry led.

And as the women wept and lingered there,
Despite or dust or toil or sun's hot glare,
To them spake Christ, and said: 'Weep not for Me;
Upon thy children, yet unborn, shall be
The bitter load of all My misery.'
And when Veronica saw how the grime
And sweat of torture marked that face sublime,
She pressed her 'kerchief to His countenance,
And grew astonied at what met her glance;—
For lo! the likeness of that wondrous face
Was stamped, on cloth, in all its pow'r and grace!

Soon on the felon's tree was Jesus laid,
And fast with nails, His blessed hands were made;
Then through the flesh of feet there rudely tore
Pain-dealing spikes, and yet the sweet face wore
A tender pity, for the thieves who lay
Fast bound to cross their human debts to pay;—
On either side the Christ each one to bring
To His poor tortured heart an added sting.

The while the echoes of the hammer rang
Upon the air, the choirs of Heaven sang
Aloft a theme which mortals never heard;
'Twas Christ alone knew how the Holy word
Held such of precious balm it could not fail
To ease the pain of each cold, cruel nail,
And drown the cry that rolled up tauntingly,
'All hail thou King of Jews, all hail to Thee!'

Life-giving Word, which gave Him strength
anew,
To pray aloud as death upon Him drew
'Father, forgive; they know not what they do.'
And then as time wore on the Savior cried,
In tones of pain, 'I thirst.' and one supplied
A sponge all wet with bitter liquid, while
His act of sympathy, the priests revile.
So limply hung His body on that tree—
A startling picture of death's misery!
Yet did the sun, scorching His patient face,
Leave not on Hermon's peak its only trace;
For turned to burning pen, each golden spire
To write the Judas' shame in crimson fire!

Long did the Savior hang in silence there
As though He eased the pain in secret pray'r:
Then spake He to His mother, ere had done
The last faint breath, and said: 'Behold thy Son!'
—And all knew how He meant the loyal John,
Since he was friend to be depended on.—
And then to John, as death's arms tighter fold
The Jesus said: 'Thy mother now behold!'
And do we learn how ever after he
The faithful John, kept trust most worthily.

As nearer still the end approached that
tree,
The suff'ring Victim wailed: 'Why dost Thou Me,
My Father now forsake, in agony?'
And yet with all His pain—with death so near—
He heard the thief who cried in love and fear;
'O Master, dear wilt Thou remember me
When in Thy Kingdom Thou dost come to be?'
Ay, heard and answered: 'Verily, I say
Thou shalt with Me find Paradise this day.'

At last a look of triumph took the place
Of bitter agony upon His face,
And they who lingered heard Him presently,
Breathe, 'It is finished;' then the joyful cry,
'Into Thy hands,' (—the watchers nearer bend—)
'My Father, I My spirit now commend!'

All suddenly the golden sunshine grew,
A murky, yellow light to human view;

And with a sweep, the wind's great sullen roar
Encompassed earth as never yet before;
The song of birds had ceased with whispered thrill,
The while the flocks upon the neighb'ring hill
Cried out in terror, as the god of night,
Drank up in eagerness the waning light.

Then did a sudden earthquake take the
world,
And as a ball was our poor planet hurled,
Now forth, now back, as demons were allied
In spreading desolation far and wide!
And from Jerusalem did upward float
A shout of fear, as from one mighty throat,
Which with the crash of falling buildings there,
Wrote death and ruin on the sultry air!
Around the lifted cross there streamed the throngs
With curse and blasphemy, or tears and songs,
As wildly 'cross those skies the lightning's flash
Split wide earth's canopy with crimson gash,
And thunders rolled with mighty crash on crash!
But hark! a louder note in that refrain,—
The purple temple veil was rent in twain!

Eclipse of nature did not hide that sun,
For save at lunar change, no such an one
Had e'er been known; and feasts of Paschal time
Fell when the moon, full-orbed, in glow sublime,
Sent forth her mellow splendor over all;
While at this hour in darkness to appall
The stoutest heart, the laws of nature changed,
And with Christ's death all life became deranged.

True camel train swung over foreign sands,
From Egypt, Araby and other lands,
Where brightly shone the sun and roses drew
The balm of life from out the sparkling dew;
And far away the bright blue waters were
All palpitate with song of mariner,—
But His dear feet had pressed no foreign plain,
Nor had He ever sailed the briny main;
'Twas there in Palestine, where'er His feet
Had trod the soil, or where His voice did greet
The sinful masses, those wide shadows flung
Athwart the skies as ebon curtain hung.

Nor this the only darkness Heaven spread,
To shrink the sinful soul in fear and dread,
Since years before there was on Egypt cast
Such utter blackness, did she stand aghast;
Though such condition was unto her sent
By God's avenging hand as punishment,
Because she would not let enslavèd Jew
His long sought homeward journey then pursue.

Now while the Christ still hung upon the
tree
The vengful rabbis turned from Calvary,
And to the snowy temple hurried where
They offered sacrifice, and ev'ning pray'r;
And there those goary hands passed up the blood,
One to another as in rows they stood,
Till the altar rested in a crimson sea,
Which flowed without and nourished olive tree

And fig and citron, till their products grew
Of note and value all the wide world through.
What though the sacrifice was duly made,
The priests and rabbis were all sore afraid
Whene'er their evil eyes beheld the view
Of gold and purple veil torn half into.
Holy of Holiest all might see,
And yet to look was near to blasphemy,
Since on the great high priest and him alone
The glory of that spot had fitly shone.

Like fires of cursed Hinom shone the bright
And fierce red glow—the sacred alter light—
The lean wild dogs set up their hungry howl,
And ghoulish birds of night came forth to prowl.
Ere night had come; unnatural darkness aid
To every evil creature's thieving raid.

The law of Jew forbade that body be
After the set of sun upon the tree;
And hastened they the end as cruelly
They brake the victim's bones; but fell it now
The soldiers came that way and seeing how
The blessed Savior was already dead,
Grew sore dismayed, and one of them was led
To pause a time, and then within that side
To thrust his spear; but finding life's red tide
Was naught but water there, he cried in fear;
'Now truly know I Son of God is here!'

Imagine ye the Savior on the cross!
Then weep ye Jews above your nation's loss.



A Cross and a Crown

Imagine ye the stripes, the blood and nail!
Then weep again that ye didst Him assail.
See ye those feet that mercy's path hath trod,
And mourn ye all as pass ye 'neath the rod
Look once again and see the crown of thorn,
Then weep ye for your children yet unborn!

 In pain have ye not borne that heavy cross?
And has the Jewish race not suffered loss
Of vital blood, from stripes and sword and law
Which for their persecutions have no flaw?
Know ye there rests—despite or time or place—
Golgotha's shade upon thine entire race
When light of honor oft should fill the place?

THE RESURRECTION

Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is risen; He is not here.

FROM off the cross in bare Golgotha's vale,
Was stripped the Savior's body stark and
pale,

And given to friends, who begged the
privilege
Of saving it from that dread sacrilege
Of rest in potter's field His blood had bought;
A man by name of Joseph had besought
The Savior's precious form, that he might lay
It down in new-made tomb till came the day
When Angel hands would roll the stone away.

With what sweet pity did those friends
prepare
That body for the tomb, all quite aware
How He was their Messiah; spices rare,
And bands of finest linen did they use
All sprinkled over with their tears profuse;
Then placed within the tomb, the outer door
Was sealed as many thought forevermore;
There soldier guards were stationed round about
That by no chance could He be taken out
To prove the claim of those who lately said,
That in three days would He no more be dead.

When those three days had passed, sweet
Mary, maid
And mother true, had gone where Christ was laid,
Where with some friends, she saw an Angel bright
Of wondrous strength and dignity and might
Roll back the stone which lay the tomb before,
But when the women signs of terror bore,
The Angel said to them, 'And why fear ye?
I know for whom ye seek; not here is He,
For He is risen now; yet surely may
Ye see the spot whereon the Savior lay.

They entered in and found upon the floor
Of that grey tomb, the linen bands He wore;
Then did they herald their strange news about
Till every one who had a spark of doubt,
(—Though many did not seem to be o'er brave—)
Ran hurriedly to view the open grave.

Now learned they soon that when the
Jesus rose,
Invisibly He passed by all of those
Who kept the watch, and in the garden stood;
When Mary Magdalene, who thought He could
But be the gardener, had asked Him where
Some one had ta'en her Lord away from there;—
He straightway nearer to her presence came
And 'Mary,' softly spake; the seeker's name
Had oped her eyes: 'Rabboni!' crieth she
And fell upon her knees all joyfully.
He bade her touch Him not, but said: 'Now run
And tell the Simon what thy Lord hath done.'

To some of His disciples soon had He
Appeared upon the shore of Galilee;
Convinced He too, the doubting Thomas that
He was the self-same Jesus who had sat
With him at meat, ere taking that last leave
In olive grove, upon the fatal eve!

And said He unto Thomas, 'Thou dost see
And hence believe; but blest indeed is he
Who hath not seen my wounds and yet can say
How He believeth on his Lord this day!'

With three of His disciples did He walk
To Emmaus, and with them did He talk
Upon the passing subjects of the day;
And as He spake with them, it seemeth they
Dwelt long on how their blessed leader Christ
Had on the cross been lately sacrificed;
And when at meat He found how they believed,
He opened up their eyes till they perceived
The Lord in flesh, for one short moment, then
He vanished from their mortal sight again.

Full many times did Christ, the Lord
reveal
Himself to whom He loved, nor yet conceal
From those, the multitudes how He was then
Save for His wounds the same before all men
As though His crucifixion had not been.

To Peter gave the Christ a searching test;
—To prove his falty, the question prest—

'Thou Simon, son of Jonas lovest Me?'
'Yea Lord,' said Peter, 'truly I love Thee!'
Again and yet again the Savior sought
To find disloyalty in Peter's thought;
Then after testing him as oft as he
Had once denied his Master knowingly,
'Then feed My lambs' Christ said; 'My precepts
keep.
If thou dost love Me well, feed all My sheep.'

Then dwelling on his charge and human
crimes,
'Shall we forgive,' said Peter, 'seven times?'
He feared the Christ would say him nay, instead
'Seventy times that seven,' the Master said.

The Lord to Bethany soon led them on,
As lovingly instructed He upon
The path He smoothed for their unwary feet;
While yet addressing them in language sweet,
That Sacrifice for man—The Morning Star—
Arose from off the earth, ascending far
Through dimming clouds, into the gates ajar.

A life beginning as ours in weakness dire;
Nourished by food and air as men desire—
Dying also in weakness as we die
That woe and agony did not defy;
That teaching faith of childhood—simple deeds—
With none of pomp and none of rites or creeds!

To those disciples left alone a new
And sterner field of action oped to view;
Yet were they rich in faith, and wise and brave
Because of courage and of strength He gave;
How they all used that help, through toil and strife,
Is told in records of each faithful life.

When Jesus rose there rested on the earth
A greater stillness than was at His birth;
Nor branch, nor leaflet moved on any tree;
The waters stopped at flow on Galilee;
In awe the herds and flocks stood silently;
The vulture in mid air forgot to wing,
And lark and bulbul sought no more to sing,—
So quiet was the world, that waiting, she
Might glimpse the door of far Eternity.

But when had passed from out the earthly
sight,
Our blest Redeemer to the realms of light,
There faintly came from out those shining skies
A song of Angels in far Paradise,
While softly wafted on the balmy breeze,
Came od'rous air from Lebanon's great trees;
Again the goldfinch warbled notes of love,
Attuned to songs descended from Above,
While waves of Galilee sped out from shore
And dived the white-robed pelican once more.

The Pagan knew not God, and though
the Jew
Proclaimed his faith aloud, he never knew
Salvation was for any save his own;
No ray across these deeps had ever shone
Till Jesus Christ, one born of Juda came
To give mankind its freedom through His name.

In more than Scripture can the seeker find,
The life of universal King defined;
For Shakespeare, master intellect yet known
To Jesus humble reverence has shown,
In passages all tender, sweet and pure
Which through the fleeting ages must endure;
While such as Galileo, Newton and
The poet Milton rose on every hand
As firm supporters of the Gospel word;
Then learn we how Napoleon averred
That his proud kingdom rose through force, to fall
Yet later through that wrong beyond recall,
While that of Jesus rose through in love to live
Through all the ages God might choose to give.

In Virgil's writings did that Pagan true
Uphold the prophecy of kingdom new;
King who for sin-enfeebled man would rise;
King who would loose and strengthen and advise,—
And He of whom this poet seer foretold,
To be of Juda born, anew to mold
The universe, and raise on every hand
A ruling emblem from the Promised land;

And on humanity o'er all the earth
Would fall a blessing from that Ruler's birth.

Then books of Egypt, known as Sibylline,
Predicted that when Rome should rise as queen
Of all the world, a grand Immortal king
Would claim her scepter, and would straightway
bring
A realm of perfect love;—a realm sublime,
Growing strong and stronger through the lapse of
time.

Ay, truly hath He come and gone again—
Marking the pathway for the feet of men;
He hath followed the trail of weariness,
Mid thorns of pain, and our poor feet must press
That same highway, although it now is spread
With sward in place of stones, and perfume shed
By rose and lily petals, where there grew
But cruel thorn when He that way passed through.

THE SACRIFICE

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoso-ever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

THE ewe doth gasp in death upon the plain;
To save her one wee lamb has she been slain,

While she that doth the weaker mother slay
To feed *her* starving young, becomes the prey
In turn, of stronger foe, the meat to get;—
The threatened shepherd, though in danger, yet
From prowling beast will save the hunted sheep,
Or in the effort meet his last, long sleep.

A husband willingly would give his life,
To save from death the precious threatened wife
While she would beard the lion in his den
To turn his fangs from one dear man of men;
All things will lover for the loved one brave,
While friend for friend will meet an early grave,
And rather than a child be aught denied
The parent oft has labored, pinched and died;
Then man goes forth to time of martial songs,
To battle for his country's rights or wrongs,
Not knowing either, when will come defeat
To make of well-loved flag, his winding sheet.

Men laud that hero, who for righteous
cause,
Has courage to forestall the Reaper's laws;

Yet scoff they at the One who claimed to die,
That He the threatened soul's protection buy!

The agéd parent, with a breaking heart
For freedom's cause, will give consent to part
With only son, while wife and sweetheart give
Their one belovéd that the nation live;
This sacrifice they offer but to save
Those things material, and man cries: "Brave!"
Yet when upon the alter God did lay
His best Beloved, for angry foe to slay
That He thus compensate the bitter price,
Of sin-degraded man—the Sacrifice—
Then cry we out, with horror-lifted hands,
"All such atonement breeds in Pagan lands!"

So seemeth it the doubting Thomas still
Doth tread the earth to do the tempter's will;
And when in argument, we hear him say,
"All know such birth could not be nature's way!"
And yet the while—poor worm—proclaimeth he,
"All things with God are possible to be!"
And addeth he, "The older Testament?—
It is inspired—is by Jehovah sent."
Nor does he doubt that Eve and Adam came
From wondrous mystery, whose awful name
Is God the Father; yet declares he, "Christ
For sin of man was never sacrificed."
Indeed the bleeding palms must be espied,
And must he thrust his hand within that side,
To know the power of God is such that He
Holdeth to birth, and life, and death the key.

What maketh all the joy down here below ?
Is it that we can really, truly know
Beyond a doubt, our friends and loved ones true ?
And is it that we pierce life's curtain through,
And learn from whence we sprang, and surely know,
With none of doubt, the pathway we shall go ?
Or is it we can trust whom we can love,
And is it that we trust the God Above ?

Ay, there the secret; there the perfect whole!
Faith is the mainspring of the human soul,
And through that faith we reach our cherished goal;
The force of power, of knowledge, fame and wealth,
The force of strength, development, and health
Hath come to man through faith in things unseen;
All gained in art, in love; and all the keen
Pursuit of pleasure have through faith been gained;—
That Faith which to the summits hath attained
While Doubt in unknown regions hath remained.

And somewhere is that small, insistant
voice
Which bids weak man believe and so rejoice
Through faith in Him who, wearing cross and crown
To purge the world, a sinless life lay down.

So offer we the myrrh, and nard and rue;—
With frankincense the shrine of Jesus strew,
And as we go our separate earthly ways,
The paeans of our gratitude and praise,
—With kindly deeds and life of purity—

**May ope some blinded eyes to rightly see;
May teach some stubborn, unbelieving heart,
To know Thee, blest Remeemer as Thou art.**

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